Love Triumphant;

OR,

NATURE will PREVAIL.

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A

Tragi-Comedy.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

By Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultrò. Virg.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street.* 1694.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES

Earl of *Salisbury*, &c.

My Lord,

THIS Poem being the laſt which I intend for the Theatre, ought to have the ſame Proviſion made for it, which Old Men make for their youngeſt Child, which is commonly a Favourite: They who were born before it carry away the Patrimony by Right of Elderſhip. This is to make its Fortune in the World; and ſince I can do little for it, Natural Affection calls upon me to put it out, at leaſt, into the beſt ſervice which I can procure for it. And as it is the uſual practice of our decay'd Gentry, to look about them for ſome Illuſtrious Family, and there endeavour to fix their young Darling, where he may be both well Educated, and Supported: I have herein alſo follow'd the Cuſtom of the World, and am ſatisfy'd in my Judgment, that I cou'd not have made a more Worthy Choice. 'Tis true, I am not vain enough to think that any thing of mine can in any meaſure be worthy of Your Lordſhip's Patronage: and yet I ſhou'd be aſham'd to leave the Stage, without ſome acknowledgement of your former Favours, which I have more than once experienc'd. Beſides the Honour of my Wife's Relation to Your Noble Houſe, to which my Sons may plead ſome Title, though I cannot; You have been plead'd to take a particular notice of me, even in this lowneſs of my Fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduc'd my ſelf: and of which I have no reaſon to be aſham'd.

The Dedication.

This Condescension, my Lord, is not only becoming of Your Ancient Family, but of Your Personal Character in the World. And if I value my self the more for your Indulgence to me, and your Opinion of me; 'tis because any thing which you like, ought to be consider'd as something in it self. And therefore I must not undervalue my present Labours, because I have presum'd to make you my Patron. A Man may be just to himself, tho he ought not to be partial. And I dare affirm, that the several Manners which I have given to the Persons of this Drama, are truly drawn from Nature; all perfectly distinguish'd from each other. That the Fable is not injudiciously contriv'd; that the turns of Fortune are not manag'd unartfully; and that the last Revolution is happily enough invented. Aristotle, *I acknowledge, has declar'd, that the Catastrophe which is made from the change of Will is not of the first Order for Beauty: but it may reasonably be alledg'd, in defence of this Play, as well as of the* Cinna *(which I take to be the very best of* Corneille's*) that the Philosopher who made the Rule, copy'd all the Laws, which he gave for the* Theatre, *from the Authorities and Examples of the* Greek *Poets, which he had read: And from their Poverty of Invention he cou'd get nothing but mean Conclusions of wretched Tales: where the mind of the chief Actor was for the most part chang'd without Art or Preparation; only because the Poet could not otherwise end his Play. Had it been possible for* Aristotle *to have seen the* Cinna, *I am confident he would have alter'd his Opinion; and concluded, that a simple change of Will might be manag'd with so much Judgment, as to render it the most agreeable, as well as the most surprising part of the whole Fable: Let* D'acier, *and all the rest of the Modern Criticks, who are too much Bigotted to the Ancients, contend never so much to the contrary. I was afraid that I had been the Inventor of a new sort of designing, when in my Third Act, I make a discovery of my* Alphonso's *true Parentage. If it were so, what wonder had it been, that Dramatick Poetry, tho a limited Art, yet might be capable of receiving some Innovations for the better. But afterwards I casually found, that* Menander *and* Terence, *in the* Heautontimoroumenos, *had been before me; and made the same kind of discovery in the same Act. As for the Mechanick Unities, that of Time is much within the compass of an Astrological Day, which begins at*

at Twelve, and ends at the ſame hour the Day following. That of Place is not obſerv'd ſo juſtly by us, as by the Ancients; for their Scene was always one, and almoſt conſtantly ſome Publick Place. Some of the late French *Poets, and amongſt the* Engliſh, *my moſt Ingenious Friend, Mr.* Congreve, *have obſerv'd this Rule ſtrictly; though the Place was not altogether ſo publick as a Street. I have follow'd the Example of* Corneille, *and ſtretch'd the Latitude to a Street and Palace, not far diſtant from each other in the ſame City. They who will not allow this Liberty to a Poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves, ſometimes to be in a Field, ſometimes in a Garden, and at other times in a Chamber. There are not indeed ſo many Abſurdities in their Suppoſition, as in ours; but 'tis an Original Abſurdity, for the Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves to be in any other place, than in the very* Theatre, *in which they ſit; which is neither Chamber, nor Garden, nor yet a Publick Place of any Buſineſs, but that of the Repreſentation. For my Action, 'tis evidently double; and in that I have moſt of the Ancients for my Examples. Yet I dare not defend that way by Reaſon, much leſs by their Authority: for their Actions, though double, were of the ſame Species; that is to ſay, in their* Comedies *two Amours: And their Perſons were better link'd in Intereſts than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I ſhou'd often practiſe, if I were to write again; becauſe 'tis agreeable to the* Engliſh Genius. *We love variety more than any other Nation; and ſo long as the Audience will not be pleas'd without it, the Poet is oblig'd to humour them. On condition they were cur'd of this publick Vice, I cou'd be content to change my Method, and gladly give them a more reaſonable Pleaſure. This Digreſſion, my Lord, is not altogether to the purpoſe of an Epiſtle Dedicatory: Yet 'tis expected that ſomewhat ſhou'd be ſaid even here, in relation to* Criticiſme; *at leaſt in Vindication of my Addreſs, that you may not be deſir'd to Patronize a Poem which is wholly unworthy of your Protection. Tho, after all, I doubt not but ſome will liken me to the Lover in a Modern Comedy, who was combing his Peruke, and ſetting his Cravat before his Miſtreſs; and being aſk'd by her, when he intended to begin his Court? reply'd, he had been doing it all this while. Yet thus it happens, my Lord, that Self will come into all Addreſſes of this Nature, tho 'tis the*

moſt

moſt unmannerly word of the World in civil Converſation, and the moſt ungrateful to all Hearers. For which reaſon, I, who have nothing to boaſt of, but my Misfortunes, ought to be the firſt to baniſh it. Eſpecially ſince I have ſo large a Field before me, as Your Inborn Goodneſs, Your Evenneſs of Temper, Your Humility in ſo ample a ſhare of Fortune as you poſſeſs; Your Humanity to all Men, and Your Kindneſs to your Friends: Beſides Your Natural and Acquir'd Endowments, and Your Brotherly Love to Your Relations. Notus in Fratres animo Paterno, *was the great Commendation which* Horace *gave to one of his* Patrons: *And 'tis that Praiſe which particularly Crowns your other Vertues. But here, my Lord, I am oblig'd in common Prudence to ſtop ſhort; and to caſt under a Veil ſome other of your Praiſes, as the Chymiſts uſe to ſhadow the Secret of their great Elixir; leſt if it were made publick, the World ſhou'd make a bad uſe of it. To enjoy our own Quiet, without diſturbing that of others, is the practice of every Moral Man: And for the reſt, to live chearfully and ſplendidly, as it is becoming of Your Illuſtrious Birth, ſo 'tis likewiſe to thank God for his Benefits in the beſt manner. 'Tis unneceſſary to wiſh you more Worldly Happineſs, or Content of Mind, than you enjoy: But the continuance of both, to Your Self, and Your Poſterity, is earneſtly deſir'd by all who have the Honour to be known to You, and more particularly by,*

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

and moſt Humbly Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

AS when ſome Treaſurer lays down the Stick;
Warrants are Sign'd for ready Mony thick:
And many deſperate Debentures paid;
Which never had been, had his Lordſhip ſtaid:
So now, this Poet, who forſakes the Stage,
Intends to gratifie the preſent Age.
One Warrant ſhall be Sign'd for every Man;
All ſhall be Wits that will; and Beaux *that can:*
Provided ſtill, this Warrant be not ſhown,
And you be Wits, but to your ſelves alone.
Provided too; you rail at one another:
For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother.
Provided alſo; that you ſpare this Story,
Damn all the Plays that e're ſhall come before ye.
If one by chance prove good in half a ſcore,
Let that one pay for all; and Damn it more.
For if a good one ſcape among the Crew,
And you continue Judging as you do;
Every bad Play will hope for Damning too.
You might Damn this, if it were worth your pains,
Here's nothing you will like; no fuſtian Scenes,
And nothing too of——you know what he means.

No double Entendrès, *which you Sparks allow;*
To make the Ladies look they know not how;
Simply as 'twere; and knowing both together,
Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather.
But here's a Story which no Books relate;
Coin'd from our own Old Poet's Addle-pate.
The Fable has a Moral too, if ſought:
But let that go; for upon ſecond Thought,
He fears but few come hither to be Taught.
Yet if you will be profited, you may;
And he would Bribe you too, to like his Play.
He Dies, at leaſt to us, and to the Stage,
And what he has, he leaves this Noble Age.
He leaves you firſt, all Plays of his Inditing,
The whole Eſtate, which he has got by Writing.
The Beaux may think this nothing but vain Praiſe,
They'l find it ſomething; the Teſtator ſays:
For half their Love, is made from ſcraps of Plays.
To his worſt Foes, he leaves his Honeſty;
That they may thrive upon't as much as he.
He leaves his Manners to the Roaring Boys,
Who come in Drunk, and fill the Houſe with noiſe.
He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit,
His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ.
To Shakeſpear's *Critique, he bequeaths the Curſe,*
To find his faults; and yet himſelf make worſe.
A precious Reader in Poetique Schools,
Who by his own Examples damns his Rules.
Laſt for the Fair, he wiſhes you may be,
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners free.

Tho'

Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,
An Old Man may at leaſt good wiſhes give you.
Your Beauty names the Play; and may it prove,
To each, an Omen of Triumphant Love.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Repreſented by
Veramond, King of *Arragon*,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Alphonſo, his ſuppos'd Son,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Garcia, King of *Navarre*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Ramirez, King of *Caſtile*,	Mr. *Alexander.*
Sancho, Two Colonels,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Carlos, Two Colonels,	Mr. *Powell.*
Lopez, An old Courtier,	Mr. *Underhill.*

WOMEN.

	By
Ximena, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Victoria, Eldeſt Daughter to the King and Queen,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Celidea, Her Siſter,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Dalinda, Daughter to *Lopez*,	Mrs. *Montfort.*
A Nurſe, with two Children,	Mrs. *Kent.*

SCENE

SARRAGOSSA in *Spain.*

Love-

Love Triumphant;

OR,

NATURE will PREVAIL.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

At the Drawing up of the Curtain, Veramond *King of* Aragon *appears:* Ximena *the Queen by him:* Victoria *their eldeſt Daughter on the Right Hand; and* Celidea *their younger Daughter on the left: Courtiers ſtand attending in File on each ſide of the Stage. The Men on one hand, the Ladies on the other. Amongſt the Men,* Don Lopez, *amongſt the Women,* Dalinda *his Daughter.*

The Scene is ſuppos'd a Preſence-Chamber.

Vera. NOW the long Wars betwixt *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Are ended in the ruin of our Foes.
And fierce *Ramirez*, the *Caſtilian* King,
Who tugg'd for Empire, with our Warlike Son,

In ſingle Combat taken, adds his Lawrels
To the young Victor's Brow: Our tender Maids
And trembling Children, ſhall with Scorn behold
The haughty Captive, who had made his Vaunts
To lay their Dwellings level; and with Salt
To ſow the place, where *Sarragoſſa* ſtood.

Xime. Proceſſions, Prayers, and Publick Thanks to Heav'n,
Were fit to be decreed.

Vera. Your Sex is ever formoſt in Devotion.
But for our brave Confederate, young *Navarre*,
He ſhall receive the Prize reſerv'd within
My Breaſt; and ſuch a one,
His Youth and Valour have right-well deſerv'd.

Xime. I hear he comes along with our *Alphonſo*,
And next our Son, did beſt.

Vera. Perhaps as well:
Alphonſo's Action was indeed more Glorious,
To buckle with a King in ſingle Fight,
And take him Priſoner; but his fiery temper
Still hurries him to daring raſh Attempts.

Xime. *Alphonſo* is Impetuous, but he's Noble;
He will not take one Atome from *Navarre*
Of what's his Right, nor needs he.

Vera. If he ſhou'd———

Xime. You take too bad Impreſſions of your Son.

Vera. No more, *Ximena*, for I hear their Trumpets
Proclaim their Entry: And our own their Welcome.

[*Trumpets from each ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Alphonſo *and* Garcia, *hand in hand. After them, the Priſoner K.* Ramirez *alone: Then the two Colonels,* Sancho *and* Carlos: *After them, other Officers of the Army.* Veramond *advances to meet them: The Queen and the two Princeſſes follow him.* Alphonſo *firſt kneels to his Father and Mother, and immediately runs to ſalute his Siſter* Victoria *tenderly; then ſlightly ſalutes* Celidea, *and returns to* Victoria. *In the mean time* Veramond *embraces Don* Garcia, *who afterwards kiſſes the Queen's hand.*

Vera. The

Vera. The Triumphs of this Day, auſpicious Prince,
Proclaim themſelves Your Gift, to us and *Arragon*:
From you they are deriv'd; to you return;
For what we are, you make us.

Gar. May Heav'n and your brave Son, and, above all,
Your own prevailing Genius, guard your Age
From ſuch another Day of doubtful Fate:
But if it comes, then *Garcia* will be proud
To be again the Foil of Great *Alphonſo.*

Vera. It might, and well it had become my Son
[*Looking about for* Alphonſo.
To ſpeak your words; But you are ſtill before him,
As in the Fight you were.

Xime. Turn to your Father, and preſent your Duty;
[*Pulling* Alphonſo *by the ſleeve.*
He thinks himſelf neglected, and obſerves ye.

Here Garcia, *after bowing to the King and Queen, goes to the two Princeſſes and ſalutes them. After a little dumb Courtſhip, he leads out* Victoria *and* Celidea, *the Ladies follow*; Alphonſo *obſerves it with diſcontent, and then turns to his Father.*

Alphon. I ſaw you, Sir, engag'd in Ceremonies,
And therefore thought I might defer this Office,
To give you time for decent Thanks to *Garcia.*

Vera. You rather went where more affection call'd ye.

Alphon. I may have been too ſlack in outward ſhow,
But when your Service, and my Honour call'd,
None was more forward in the fighting part.

Vera. The rugged Buſineſs of the War is o'er:
Softneſs and Sweetneſs, and a gentler Air
Wou'd make a mixture, that wou'd temper well
That inborn Fierceneſs of your boyling Mind.

Alph. I ſtand corrected, Sir, and let me tell ye now,
That ſweetneſs which ſo well you have adviſ'd,
Fortune has put in your own hand to practiſe
Upon this Royal Souldier; till we fought [*Showing* Ramirez.

Your Equal, now your Priſoner of the War;
And once, (alas! that ſtill it is not ſo)
The Partner of your Thoughts, and Boſom Friend.
Xime. } Heav'n that inſpir'd thee with this Pious thought,
(aſide.) } Add Vertue and Perſwaſion to thy words,
And bend my ſtubborn Lord.
Vera. Say, have you more to ſpeak on his behalf?
Alphon. Much more, his fair Behaviour in the War,
Not plundering Towns, nor burning Villages;
His Bravery of Mind, his Dauntleſs Courage,
When Hand to Hand, he made me ſtoop beneath
His weighty blows, and often forc'd to doubt
The Fortune of my Youth, againſt his Age.
Vera. Proceed, proceed, for this is but to ſay,
That thou wert almoſt worſted in the Combat.
Alphon. I have already ſaid much more, than needs
To move a Noble Mind;
Such as my Father's is, or ought to be.
Vera. Come, let me hear my Duty from my Son.
Alphon. If more be wanting on ſo plain a Theam,
Think on the ſlippery State of Humane Things,
The ſtrange viciſſitudes, and ſuddain turns
Of War, and Fate recoiling on the Proud,
To cruſh a Mercileſs and Cruel Victor.
Think there are bounds of Fortune, ſet above;
Periods of Time, and progreſs of Succeſs,
Which none can ſtop before th' appointed limits,
And none can puſh beyond.
Ximena. He Reaſons juſtly, Sir.
Alphon. Ramirez is an Honourable Foe,
Uſe him like what he is, and make him yours.
Vera. By Heav'n I think,
That when you cop'd with him in ſingle Fight,
You had ſo much ado to Conquer then,
You fear t' ingage him in a ſecond Combat.
Alphon. The World knows how I Fought:
But Old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
And Kings of Power, and Parents that of Nature.

Your

Your Pardon, Royal Sir.
Vera. I give it you;
Your Battel now is paid at the full price.
[Ximena *whiſpers* Alphonſo *for a moment.*
Alphon. Fear not, I curb my ſelf. [*To* Ximena.
Ramir. (to *Veram.*) } Your Son has mention'd Honourable Terms.
Propoſe 'em *Veramond*, and for his ſake
(So much his Valour and rare Courteſie,
Have wrought upon my Soul,) I will accept 'em.
Vera. Who gave you leave
To ſpeak of Terms, or even to ſpeak at all?
Ramir. And who ſhou'd give me liberty of ſpeaking,
But Heav'n, who gave me Speech?
Veram. How dares my Captive
Aſſume this boldneſs to his Conqueror?
Ramir. You have not Conquer'd me, you cou'd not, *Veramond*;
'Tis to *Alphonſo*'s Arms that I am Priſoner.
Veram. Under my Auſpices *Alphonſo* fought,
He led my Forces.
Ramir. Yes, and made 'em too
By his Example, elſe they ne're had Conquer'd.
Veram. A Bargain! A plain Compact! A Confederacy!
Betwixt my Son and thee, to give me part,
Of what my better Stars, make all my own.
Alphon. Sir, I muſt ſpeak——
Veram. Dare not, I charge thee, dare not.
Alphon. Not vindicate my Honour?
By Heav'n I will, to all the World, to you;
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, and this Earth you gave me;
But that Ætherial Spark, which Heav'n inſpir'd,
And kindl'd in my New Created Soul.
You tell me, I have bargain'd with *Ramirez*,
To make his Ranſome cheap.
Vera. To make it nothing,
To rob thy Father of his Victory,
And, at my coſt, oblige my Mortal Foe;
Fool, doſt thou know the value of a Kingdom?
Alphon. I think I do, becauſe I won a Kingdom. *Vera.*

Veram. And know'ſt not how to keep it.
Ramirez. What Claim have you? What Right to my *Caſtile?*
Veram. The Right of Conqueſt, for when Kings make War;
No Law betwixt two Soveraigns can decide,
But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field.
Alphon. But with what Conſcience can ye keep that Crown,
To which, ye claim no Title but the Sword?
Vera. Then ask that queſtion of thy ſelf, when thou
Thy ſelf art King; I will retain my Conqueſt;
And if thou art ſo mean, ſo poor of Soul,
As to refuſe thy Sword in keeping it;
Then *Garcia*'s Aid;
Whoſe ſhare of Honour, in that Glorious day,
Was more than thine; during my Life, ſhall Guard it,
And at my Death, ſhall Heir it.
Alphon. Don Garcia is indeed a Valiant Prince,
But this large Courteſie, this over-praiſe
You give his Worth, in any other Mouth,
Were Villany to me.
Ximena. That was too much *Alphonſo*, ſhew the Reverence
That Sons ſhou'd bear to Fathers.
Alphon. (*to her.*) } Did I not ſay in any other Mouth,
The King excepted ſtill?
Ramir. Had I a Son; a Son like your *Alphonſo*,
The Pride of War, and Darling of the Field;
I ſhou'd not thus receive him, nor detract
From ſuch High Actions: Let me tell you, Sir,
(For I who felt his Arm, can beſt report him;)
There lives not one, who breaths this Vital Air,
That e're cou'd boaſt, he made *Ramirez* bend,
Before *Alphonſo* undertook the Task.
Veram. Confederacy again! How they enhance
Their mutual worth, and bandy Fame betwixt 'em,
Into each other's hand.—— [*Looks on* Ramirez, *and ſtarts back.*
What's this I ſee?
Nay, now I wonder not, the Captive prates
With ſo ſecure preſumption to his King,

Well

Well may he brave me, while his murd'ring Sword
Sits as before, inſulting on his ſide,
Who gave thee back that weapon?

Alphon. I, who took it.

Vera. A careful Son, to truſt a Foe with Arms
So near his Father.
Haſte, diſarm the Priſoner.

Alphon. E're you diſhonour me, firſt hear me ſpeak;
I took his Royal Word, to be my Priſoner;
And on his Honour, I reſtor'd his Sword,
Becauſe I thought, that mark of Sovereign Juſtice
And Awful Power, ſhou'd not for one ſhort moment
Be wanting to a Monarch.

Vera. Then when he loſt the Power, he loſt the Claim,
And marks of Sovereign Right:
Nor without my Conſent, cou'dſt thou diſpoſe
Of him, or of his Sword, or of his Life:
Once more diſarm him: What, am I betray'd?
[*Guards look amaz'd, but ſtir not.*
Have I no Subject left?

Xime. Submit, *Alphonſo.*
I, who am partial to you, muſt condemn
This Carriage as undutious to your Father.

Ramir. (to *Alphon.*) Brave Prince, too warmly you aſſert my Cauſe,
Tho' 'tis indeed the common Cauſe of Kings:
But to prevent what ills on my account
May hence enſue betwixt a Son and Parent,
Take here the Sword, you truſted in my Hands,
Which you alone cou'd take——Now, *Veramond,*
[*Preſents his Sword to* Alphonſo.
Diſpoſe of old *Ramirez* as thou pleaſeſt;
[*He preſents it ſullenly to* Veramond, *who puts it into the hand of an Officer.*
Secure thy Hate, Ambition, and thy Fear,
And give *Ramirez* Death, who ſcorns a Life
Which he muſt owe to thee.

Vera. (to *the Guards.*) Go bear him to the Caſtle; at more leiſure
His Doom ſhall be decreed.

Ramir. When

Ramir. When e're it comes 'tis welcome, only this
(If Enemies be ſuffer'd to requeſt)
Forgive th' Imprudent Zeal thy Son has ſhown
On my behalf, and take him to thy Boſom:
A noble Temper ſhines even through his faults,
And gilds them into Virtues.

Vera. Take him hence—— [Ramirez *is led off by* Sancho *and* Carlos, *and follow'd by the Guards.* Alphonſo *looking frowningly. The reſt ſtay.*

Alphon. (*aſide.*) How I abhor this baſe Inhumane Act!
But Patience! he's my Father.

Veram. Thus all his Praiſes, are thy Accuſations,
And even that very Sword,
Puniſh me Heav'n, if I believe not ſo,
Is far leſs dangerous in his Hand than thine.

Xime. Forgive the haſty Sallies of his Youth.

Vera. He never lov'd me.

Alphon. You never gave me cauſe.

Xime. (to *Alphon.*) Come, you both lov'd,
But both were jealous of each other's kindneſs.
His ſilence ſhows, he longs to pardon you.
And did not you, my Lord, obſerve *Alphonſo*,
[*Turning to* Veram.
How, tho' at firſt he cou'd not rule his Paſſion?
Not at the very firſt, for that's impoſſible
To haſty blood, like his and yours, my Lord;
Yet in the ſecond moment, he repented,
As ſoon as Thought had leiſure to be born.

Veram. For ought I ſee, you do him better Office
Than he deſires, *Ximena.*

Alphon. (*kneeling.*) Sir, your Pardon;
And if you pleaſe, your Love.

Vera. Receive the firſt,
The laſt as you deſerve.

Re-enter

Re-enter Don Garcia, *with* Victoria, Celidea, *and the Ladies.* Veramond *ſees 'em at a diſtance.*

Vera. This had not been thus eaſily o're-paſt,
But that I ſee Don *Garcia* with your Siſters;
A fair occaſion offers you this hour
To cancel your Offences; mark, and take it.

The K. Q. and Alphonſo *entertain* Garcia *in dumb ſhow, while* Victoria *and* Celidea *ſpeak at a diſtance.*

Celid. What think you, Siſter, of this Youthful Hero?
Victo. Our dear *Alphonſo?*
Celid. No; I mean *Navarre.*
Victo. As of a Valiant Prince; what wou'd you more?
Celid. Methinks you give him a ſhort Commendation;
Yet all his Applications were to you.
Victo. I minded not his words.
Celid. He made a warm beginning of a Love.
Victo. It ſeems my thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd.
Celid. Neither your thoughts, nor eyes cou'd be employ'd
Upon a Nobler Object.
Victo. That's your Judgment.
Celid. His every Action, nay, his every Motion
Were graceful, and becoming his high Birth.
Victo. All of a piece, and all like other Men:
He ſeems to me a common kind of Creature,
One that may paſs among a crowd of Courtiers
And not be known for King.
Celid. Sure you forget the Troops he brought our Father;
Beſides his Perſonal Valour in the Fight.
Victo. You more forget *Alphonſo*'s greater Actions,
When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend:
He fought like *Mars*, deſcending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves.
Celid. Navarre had done the ſame; 'twas Fortune's fault

That ſhow'd him not *Ramirez.*

Victo. You are too young to judge of Men or Merits;
You praiſe the Vulgar Flight a Faulcon makes,
When *Jove*'s Imperial Bird, that bears the Thunder,
Is tow'ring far above him.

Re-enter Carlos, Sancho, *and the reſt of the Officers.*

Vera. Are my Commands perform'd?

Carlos. With all exactneſs.

Vera. Approach *Victoria*, and you *Celidea*,
That in your preſence I may pay ſome part
Of what I owe your brave Deliverer.

Celid. We cannot ſhow too much of Gratitude.

Vera. Victoria, what ſay you?

Victo. He did the Duty of a brave Allie:
I do not know the War, nor dare I load
His modeſty with larger Commendations.

Garci. Even thoſe are much too large, when giv'n by you,
To whom my Soul, with all my future Service,
Are with Devotion offer'd.

Vera. I have indeed diſclos'd to her alone
Th' important Secret of th' intended Match.
And that perhaps has made her fear to praiſe
A Prince who ſhortly is to be her own.

Alphon. (aſide.) Oh Heav'ns! what bode theſe words?

[*The Queen and* Celidea *ſhew amazement*, Alphonſo *and* Victoria *diſcontent.*

Vera. Now therefore I declare the wiſht alliance;
Ximena, you may give your Daughter joy;
And you your Siſter, of th' Imperial Crown [*To* Celid.
Which *Garcia* puts on our *Victoria*'s Head.
Your ſhare, *Alphonſo*, in this happy day [*To* Alphon.
Is not the leaſt, nor will you be the laſt
T' applaud my worthy choice of ſuch a Son.

Alphon. A ſudden damp has ſeiz'd my Vital Spirits;
I ſee but through a miſt, and hear far off:
Nay, trouble not your ſelves, a little time

Of

Of needful reſt, and ſolitary thought,
Will mend my health, till when excuſe my preſence.
[*Exit* Alphonſo, *and looks back on* Victoria.

Xime. *(aſide.)* } He's much diſturb'd, a ſickneſs of the Soul;
Or I miſtake, he does not like this Marriage.
Aſſiſt us, Heav'n, if I divine aright,
And proſper thy own work.

Vera. (aſide.) I like not this,
But muſt diſſemble, till I clear my doubts.
Fortune, brave Prince, has given us this allay; [*To* Garci.
Our Joys were elſe too full:
An hour of ſleep will bring him back reſtor'd;
Mean time we may withdraw.

Garci. (to *Victo.*) } Come, my fair Miſtreſs, by your Father's leave
I ſeize this precious Gage.

Victo. Then thank my Father;
He may diſpoſe of all things but my Heart,
And that's my own——(*aſide.*)——Alas! I wiſh it were.
[*Exeunt* Vara. Xime. Celid. Garci. Victo. *and all the Courtiers. Men and Women. The Guards follow:* San. *and* Carl. *remain.*

San. Good news, *Carlos*, the old Jew is dead.

Carl. What Jew?

Sanch. Why the rich Jew, my Father. He's gone to the Boſom of *Abraham* his Father, and I, his Chriſtian Son, am left ſole Heir. Now do I intend to be monſtrouſly in love.

Carl. With whom, Colonel?

Sanch. That's not yet reſolv'd, Colonel; but with one of the Court Ladies. You may ſtand a Man's Friend, *Carlos*, in ſuch a buſineſs.

Carl. You may depend on me, *Sancho*, becauſe my dependance is on you: You got Plunder in the Battel; while I was hack'd and hew'd, and almoſt laid aſleep in the damn'd Bed of Honour.

Sanch. Nay, I confeſs I am a lucky Rogue, for I was born with a Caul upon my Head.

Carl. I'm ſure I came bare enough into the World, and live as barely in it.

Sanch. Make me but luſtily in love, and I'll adopt thee into my Fortune; but thou ſtand'ſt ſhall I, ſhall I, till all the Ladies are out of ſight: Here, take that *Billet Doux* which I have pull'd out by chance from amongſt twenty, that I always wear about me for ſuch occaſions.

Carl. But to which of 'em ſhall I deliver it?

Sanch. Even to her thou can'ſt firſt overtake.
Nay, do not loſe thy time in looking on't, there's no particular Direction, Man; Fortune ever ſuperſcribes my Letters to the Fair Sex; I let her alone to find me out a handſome Miſtreſs; and let me alone to make her kind afterwards.

Carl. But ſuppoſe I ſhou'd happen to deliver it to my own Miſtreſs, for ſhe was in the preſence with her Father.

Sanch. Then I ſuppoſe thou wilt be the firſt that ſhalt repent it, for ſhe will certainly fall in Love with me.

[Lopez *and* Dalinda *re-enter, and walk ſoftly over the Stage.*
Look, there's one of 'em already; my Heart beats at the very ſight of her; this muſt and ſhall be ſhe, by *Cupid.*

Carl. And by *Venus* the very ſhe I love.

Sanch. Prithee no more words then, for Fate will have it ſo.

Carl. } I know it's impoſſible for her Father to receive him,
(aſide.) } or her to love him, and yet his good Fortune, and my Raſcally three penny Planet, make me ſuſpicious without Reaſon: But hang Superſtition, I'll draw ſuch a Picture of him, as ſhall do his buſineſs.

Sanch. Now will I ſtand by *Incognito*, like ſome mighty Potentate, and ſee my own Embaſſy deliver'd.

[Carlos *overtakes* Lopez *and* Dalinda *juſt going off, and ſalutes them.*

Lop. Cozen *Carlos*, you are welcome from the Wars; I think I ſaw you in the Show to day.

Carl. The Ceremony hinder'd me from paying my reſpects; but I made haſte, you ſee——

Lop. I hope you'll no more be a Stranger to my Houſe, than you have been formerly: Your Miſtreſs here will be proud to entertain you; and then you ſhall tell me the whole Expedition: I love Battels wonderfully, when a Man may hear 'em without Peril of his Perſon.

Sanch.

Sanch. (*aſide.*) } Nothing of my Letter all this while; Why, when *Carlos?* [*Whiſpering aloud to him.*

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } Now I dare not but deliver it, becauſe he ſees me.

Don Lopez, I have a fooliſh kind of Petition to you.

[*To* Lopez.

Lop. Why do you call it a fooliſh Petition?

Carl. Becauſe I bring it from a Fool. There's a Friend of mine, of a plentiful Fortune, that's deſperately in Love with your Fair Daughter, *Dalinda*; and has Commanded me, by your permiſſion, to deliver this Letter to her.

Lopez. A Rich Man's Letter may be deliver'd.

[Carlos *gives her the Letter.*

Dalinda. What's here? A Note without a Superſcription.

[*She ſeems to Read.*

As I Live, a Bill of Exchange for 200 Piſtols,
Charg'd upon a Banker, and payable to the Bearer;
An accompliſht Cavalier, I warrant him; He writes finely, and in the beſt manner.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } There's the Covetous Sex, at the firſt Syllable, The Fool's good Planet begins to work already; but I ſhall ſtop its Influence.

Lop. Good Cozen Colonel; what manner of Man is my Son-in-Law, that may be?

Carl. D' ye ſee that ſneaking Fellow yonder?

Lop. Who, that Gallant Cavalier?

Dalind. I wiſh it were no worſe.

Carl. Plague, ye make me mad betwixt ye. His outſide's Tawdry, and his inſide's Fool. He's an Uſurer's Son, and his Father was a *Jew*.

Dalind. No matter for all that, he's Rich.

Carlos. He was begot upon the Wife of a deſperate Debtor, Out of pure good Husbandry, to ſave ſomething: He's Covetous by the Father's ſide; A Blockhead by the Mother's; And a Knave by both.

Lopez. I ſee nothing like your deſcription of him, at this diſtance.

Call

Call him hither, I wou'd fain ſpeak with him.

Carl. Come hither, *Don Sancho*, and make good the Character I have given of you. [Sancho *comes up, and ſalutes 'em awkwardly.*

Lop. Cavalier, I ſhall be glad to be better known to you.

Sanch. (*to* Carlos.) } You ſee I have Luck in a Bag, *Carlos.*

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } Ay, in a Bag of Money, I ſee it to my ſorrow. I try his Wit, Signior, you'll find him as heavy as Lead. [*Aſide to* Lopez.

Lop. (to *Sanch.*) } So his Mony be Silver, I care not. Come Cavalier, what ſay you to my Daughter?

Sanch. Why, I ſay, I was reſolv'd to Love the firſt Fair Lady that I met.

Dalind. Oh Lord, Sir!

Carlos. (to *Lopez.*) } Do but mark his Breeding.

Lop. I like him never the worſe for his Plain-Dealing.

Dalin. Bluntneſs, methinks, becomes a Souldier.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) } How Naturally Old Men take to Riches, and Women to Fools.

Lopez. (to *Sanch.*) } You have made a Noble Declaration of your Love, Sir,
With a handſome Preſent of two hundred Piſtols.

Sanch. What, I hope I have not miſtaken Papers, and ſent you my Letter of Exchange for 200 Piſtols, charg'd upon the Banker *Porto Carrero*: Pray return that Letter, Madam; and I'll look out for another, that ſhall Treat only of dry Love, without thoſe terrible Appendixes.

Dalind. Why, did not ye intend this for me, Cavalier?

Sanch. No, you ſhall hear me rap out all the Oaths in Chriſtendom, that I am wholly Innocent of this Accuſation.

Dalind. Come, you bely your Noble Nature; look upon me agen Cavalier, (*ſhe makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*)
And then Examine your own Heart,
If you meant it not to me.

Sanch. Nay, I confeſs my Heart beats a charge towards ye: (To *Carl.*) And yet Two Hundred Piſtols, is a ſwinging Summ for one kind Look, *Carlos!*

Carlos.

Carlos. (*to him.*) A Damnable hard Penny-worth! hold you there, *Don Sancho.*

[Dalinda *looks upon him agen, more ſweetly.*

Sancho. She has two Devils in her Eyes, that laſt Ogle was a lick-penny. Well, Madam, I Dedicate thoſe fair Two Hundred Piſtols, to your more fair Hand: And now you have Receiv'd 'em, I meant 'em to you.

Dalind. And, in requital, I recieve you for my Servant, Cavalier.

Carlos. (*aſide.*) Damn him for his awkward Liberality, he's always Covetous,
But when 'tis to do me a miſchief.

Lopez. (to *Dalind.*) He's come on again, my Heart was almoſt at my Mouth.
Now, Mrs. Minion, let me take you to task in private.

[*Draws her aſide a little.*

What hope have you, of the *Conde Don Alonzo De Cardona?*

Dalind. Little or none; a bare poſſibility. You know what has paſs'd betwixt us.

Lop. But ſuppoſe he ſhou'd renew his Love; had you rather Marry that Rich Old *Conde*; or, this poor Young Rogue, *Don Carlos?*

Dalind. This Poor Young Rogue, if you pleaſe, Father.

Lop. I thought as much, good Madam; but to come cloſer to the preſent Buſineſs, betwixt *Don Carlos* and *Don Sancho*, That is to ſay, a Poor Young Wit, and a Rich Young Fool; put the Caſe Gentlewoman, which of 'em wou'd you chuſe?

Dalind. If it were not for meer Neceſſity, I have a kind of a loathing to a Fool.

Lopez. The more Fool you, Madam.

Dalind. Wou'd you have a Race of Booby Grandſons?

Lopez. That's as your Conſcience ſerves ye; I ſay only, that your Husband ſhall be a Fool, I ſay, not your Childrens Father ſhall be one.

Sancho. (to *Carlos.*) This is a plaguy long whiſper, I do not like it. And yet now I think on't, my left Eye itches, ſome good luck is coming towards me.

Lopez.

Lopez. (*to them.*) I'll be ſhort and pithy with ye, *Don Sancho*, I think they call ye? If out of my abundant Love, I ſhou'd beſtow my Dutiful Daughter on you, what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

Sanch. Husband, Sennor? Why, none at all. None of my Predeceſſors were ever Marry'd: My Father and my Mother never were, and I will not be the firſt of my Family that ſhall degenerate; I thought my 200 Piſtols would have done my buſineſs with *Dalinda*, and a little winking Mony with you.

Lop. What, wou'd you make me a Pimp to my own Daughter?

Dalind. And imagine my Chaſtity cou'd be corrupted with a petty Bribe.

Sanch. Nay, I am not ſo obſtinate neither, againſt Marriage; *Carlos* gave me this wicked Counſel, on purpoſe to baniſh me; and in revenge to him, I will Marry.

Lop. I hope you'll ask her leave firſt?

Sanch. Phoo! I take that for granted; no Woman has the power to reſiſt my Courtſhip.

Lop. Suppoſe then, as before ſuppos'd; what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

Sanch. Then to deal roundly with you; I wou'd run a rambling my ſelf, and leave the drudgery of my Houſe to her management: All things ſhou'd go at Sixes and Sevens, for *Sancho*; In ſhort, Sennor, I will be as Abſolute, as the Great Turk, and take as little care of my People, as a Heathen God.

Lop. Now, *Don Carlos*, what ſay you?

Carlos. (*aſide.*) I'll fit 'em for a Husband:
(*To* Lopez) Why, Sennor, I wou'd be the moſt careful Creature of her Buſineſs; I wou'd inſpect every thing, wou'd manage the whole Eſtate to ſave her the trouble; I wou'd be careful of her Health, by keeping her within doors; ſhe ſhou'd neither give nor receive Viſits; nor kneel at Church among the Fops, that Look one way, and Pray another.

Dalind. Oh abominable!

Lopez.

Lopez. Why, thou ungrateful Fellow! wou'dſt thou make a Slave of my Daughter? And leave her no Buſineſs; that is to ſay, no Authority in her own Houſe?

Dalind. Ay, and to call Fine Young Gentlemen Fops too? To lock me up from Viſitants, which are the only Comfort of a Diſconſolate, Miſerable, Married Woman!

Lopez. And 'twere not for fear thou ſhou'dſt beat me, I cou'd find in my Heart to beat thee. *Don Sancho* I have an Olla at home, and you ſhall be welcome to it. Farewel Kinſman. [*To* Carlos.

[*Exeunt* Lopez, *and* Sancho, *leading out* Dalinda.

Carlos. Now, If I had another Head, I cou'd find in my Heart, to run this Head againſt that wall. Nature has given me my Portion in Senſe, with a Pox to her, and turn'd me out into the wide World to ſtarve upon it. She has given *Sancho* an empty Noddle; but Fortune in revenge has fill'd his Pockets: juſt a Lord's Eſtate in Land and Wit. Well, I have loſt *Dalinda*; and ſomething muſt be done to undermine *Sancho* in her good Opinion: Some pernicious Counſel muſt be given him: He is my Prince, and I am his States-Man; and when our two Intereſts come to claſh, I hope to make a meer Monarch of him: And my Hunger is ſomewhat in my way to quicken my Invention.

Want whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit not bleſt
With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the beſt.
Wit is not fed, but ſharpn'd with Applauſe,
For Wealth is ſolid Food, and Wit but hungry Sauſe.

Exit.

D ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene is a Bed-Chamber, a Couch prepar'd, and ſet ſo near the Pit that the Audience may hear.

Alphonſo *enters with a Book in his hand, and ſits; reads to himſelf a little while: Enter* Victoria, *and ſits by him, then ſpeaks.*

Victo. IF on your Private Buſ'neſs I intrude,
Forgive th'exceſs of Love that makes me rude:
I hope your ſickneſs has not reacht your Heart;
But come to bear a ſuff'ring Siſter's part:
Yet, leſt I ſhou'd offend you by my ſtay,
Command me to depart, and I obey.
Alphon. The Patient who has paſs'd a ſleepleſs night,
Is far leſs pleas'd with his Phyſician's ſight:
Welcome thou pleaſing, but thou ſhort Reprieve;
To eaſe my Death, but not to make me live.
Welcome, but welcome as a Winter's Sun,
That riſes late, and is too quickly gone.
Victo. You are the Star of Day, the publick Light:
And I am but your Siſter of the Night:
Eclips'd when you are abſent from my ſight.
Alphon. Death will for ever take me from your Eyes;
But grieve not you, for when I Sett, you Riſe.
Don *Garcia* has deſerv'd to be your Choice,
And 'tis a Brother's Duty to rejoyce.
Victo. And yet methought you gave him not your Voice.
Alph. You ſaw a ſudden Sickneſs left me weak;
I had no Joy to give, nor Tongue to ſpeak:
And therefore I withdrew, to ſeek Relief
In Books, the fruitleſs Remedies of Grief.

Victo. But

Victo. But tell me what Philoſopher you found
To cure your Pain?
Alph. The fitteſt for my Wound;
Who beſt the gentle Paſſions knows to move;
Ovid, the ſoft Philoſopher of Love:
His *Love Epiſtles* for my Friends I choſe;
For there I found the Kindred of my Woes.
Victo. His Nymphs the Vows of Perjur'd Men deplore;
One in the Woods, and one upon the Shoar:
All are at length forſaken or betray'd;
And the falſe Hero leaves the faithful Maid.
Alphon. Not all: for *Linus* kept his Conſtancy:
And one, perhaps, who more reſembled me.
Victo. That Letter wou'd I view: in hope to find
Some Features of the Fair that rules your Mind.
Alph. Read, for the guilty Page is doubled down:
The Love too ſoon will make the Lover known.
[*Giving her the Book.*
Read, if you dare, and when the Crime you ſee,
Accuſe my cruel Fate, but pity me.
Victo. (*aſide.*) 'Tis what I fear'd, th' unhappy *Canace!*
Read you; for to a Brother 'twas deſign'd, [*To him.*
And ſent him by a Siſter much too kind.

Alphonſo *takes the Book, and reads.*
Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſter's Love?
[He looks upon her, and ſhe holds down her Head.

He reads again.
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boaſt:
My Food grew loathſom, and my Strength I loſt:
Still, e're I ſpoke, a ſigh wou'd ſtop my Tongue:
Short were my ſlumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love thoſe Griefs did grow:
Yet was, alas! the thing I did not know.
[She looks on him, and he holds down his Head.

Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell.
Victo. No more: We know our mutual Love too well.
[*Both look up, and meet each others Eyes.*
Alph. Two Lines in reading had eſcap'd my ſight:
Shall I go back, and do the Poet right?
Victo. Already we have read too far, I fear:
But read no more than Modeſty may bear.

Alphonſo reading.
For I lov'd too, and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret Pleaſure in thy Kiſſes found.
[He offers to kiſs her, and ſhe turns her Head away.
May we not repreſent the Kiſs we read?
Victo. Alphonſo, no: Brother, I ſhou'd have ſaid!

Alphonſo reading again.
When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Conſent:
Then, with tumultuous Joys, my Heart did beat:
And Guilt that made 'em Anxious, made 'em Great.
[She ſnatches the Book, and throws it down, then riſes and walks, he riſes alſo.
Victo. Incendiary Book, Polluted Flame,
Dare not to tempt the Chaſt *Victoria*'s Fame.
I love, perhaps, more than a Siſter ſhou'd:
And Nature prompts; but Heav'n reſtrains my Blood.
Heav'n was unkind, to ſet ſo ſtrict a Bound:
And Love wou'd ſtruggle to forbidden Ground.
Oh let us gain a *Parthian* Victory;
Our only way to conquer, is to fly.
Alph. No more, *Victoria*; tho my Love aſpires
More high than yours, and fiercer are my Fires:
I cannot bear your looks; new Flames ariſe
From ev'ry Glance; and kindle from your Eyes.
Pure are the Beams which from thoſe Suns you dart;
But gather blackneſs from my ſooty Heart:
Then let us each with haſty ſteps remove;
Nor ſpread Contagion, where we meant but Love.
Victo. Hear

Victo. Hear Heav'n and Earth, and witneſs to my Vows;
And Love, thou greateſt Power that Nature knows;
This Heart, *Alphonſo*, ſhall be firmly thine;
This Hand ſhall never with another joyn.
Or if by force my Father makes me wed;
Then Death ſhall be the Bridegroom of my Bed.
Now let us both our ſhares of Sorrow take;
And both be wretched for each others ſake.

Alph. By thoſe relentleſs Powers that rule the Skies;
And by a greater Power, *Victoria*'s Eyes,
No Love but yours ſhall touch *Alphonſo*'s Heart;
Nor Time, nor Death, my vow'd Affections part.
Nor ſhall my hated Rival live to ſee
That hour which envious Fate denies to me.
Now ſeal we both our Vows with one dear Kiſs.

Victo. No, 'tis a hot, and an inceſtuous Bliſs!
Let both be ſatisfi'd with what we ſwore;
I dare not give it, leſt I give you more.

[*Exit* Victoria *looking back on him, and he gazing on her.*

Alph. Oh Raging, Impious, and yet hopeleſs Fire;
Not daring to poſſeſs what I deſire.
Condemn'd to ſuffer what I cannot bear;
Tortur'd with Love, and Furious with Deſpair.
Of all the Pains which wretched Mortals prove,
The feweſt Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: for if we ſhou'd enjoy,
Our fatal Cure muſt both of us deſtroy.
Oh Dear *Victoria*, cauſe of all my Pain!
Oh Dear *Victoria*, whom I wou'd not gain!
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I wou'd ſurvive:
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I dare not live.

Enter Garcia *with Attendants. The two Princes ſalute, but* Alphonſo *very coldly.*

Garci. I come to ſhew my grief for your Diſtemper:
For if my Noble Brother ſaw my Heart,

There

There ſhou'd you find a Plain, a Holy Friendſhip,
Unmixt with Intereſt, equally partaking
Of what affects you, both of good and ill.
Alphon. I thank you; but my Malady increaſes
At your approach; I have no more to ſay,
But wiſh you better health than I can boaſt;
And to my ſelf a lonely Privacy.
Garci. I find I am not welcome to your ſight:
But know not from what cauſe.
Alphon. (*angrily.*) } My ſureſt Remedy is in your abſence:
'Tis hard my Lodgings cannot be my own;
But importun'd with Viſits, undeſir'd;
And therefore, I muſt tell you, troubleſom.
Garci. 'Tis an odd way of entertaining Friends.
But ſince I find you diſcompos'd with ſickneſs,
That ſhall excuſe your Humours; where I go
I hope for better Welcome.
Alphon. Sir, I muſt ask whom you pretend to viſit?
Garci. My Miſtreſs, Prince.
Alphon. Your Miſtreſs! who's that Miſtreſs?
Garci. What need I name *Victoria?*
Alphon. Who? my Siſter?
Garci. Whom elſe cou'd you imagine?
Alphon. Any other.
Garci. And why not her?
Alphon. Becauſe I know not if ſhe will admit you.
Garci. Her Father has allow'd it.
Alph. But not ſhe;
Or if both have, yet my conſent is wanting.
You take upon you in a Foreign Kingdom,
As if you were at home in your *Navarre.*
Garci. And you, methinks,
As if you had no Father, or no King.
Farewell, I will not ſtay.
Alphon. You ſhall not go:
Thus as I am, thus ſingle, thus unarm'd,
And you with Guards attended——

Gar. You

Gar. You Teach me to forget the Rule of Manners.
Alph. I mean to Teach you better.
[*As* Garcia *is going to paſs by him,* Alphonſo *runs to one of his Attendants, and ſnatches his Sword away, then ſteps between* Garcia *and the Door.*

Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *Attended.*

Vera. What means this rude Behaviour in my Court?
As if our *Arragon* were turn'd to *Thrace*;
Unhoſpitable to her Gueſts, and thou
Alphonſo, a *Lycurgus*.
Alphon. He would paſs
Without my Siſter's leave, into her Lodgings.
By Heav'n, if this be ſuffer'd to proceed,
The next will be, to Treat the Royal Maid
As courſly, as ſhe were ſome Suburb Girl.
Gar. (*to* Vera.) Had I not your Permiſſion, Sir?
Vera. You had.
But theſe, *Alphonſo*, are thy Ruffian Manners.
How dar'ſt thou, Boy, to break my Orders,
And then aſperſe thy Siſter with thy Crime?
Alphon. She ſaid his Preſence was unpleaſing to her.
Vera. Come, thou bely'ſt her Innocence and Duty:
She did not, durſt not, ſay it.
Alph. If ſhe did not,
I dare, and will maintain to all the World,
That *Garcia*, is not worthy of my Siſter.
Vera. Not worthy?
Alphon, No; I ſay once more, not worthy.
Garcia. Not in my ſelf; for who deſerves *Victoria*?
But, ſince her Royal Father bids me hope,
Not leſs unworthy than another Prince.
(To *Ver.*) And none, with your permiſſion, Sir, ſhall dare
To interpoſe, betwixt my Love and Me.
Alph. Sure a leſs Price than our Infanta's Bed,
Might pay thee for thy Mercenary Troops.
Vera. Peace, Inſolent, too long I have indur'd

Thy

Thy Haughty Soul, untam'd and turbulent:
But, if I Live, this ſhall not paſs unpuniſht;
Darkneſs and Chains, are Medicines for a Madman.

Ximena. My Lord, I humbly beg you, ſpare your Son;
And add not Fury to a Raging Fire.
He ſoon will recollect his ſcatter'd Reaſon;
Which Heat of Youth, and Sickneſs, and Fatigues,
Have diſſipated in his boyling Blood.
Give him but time, and then his Temperate Humour
Will ſoon return into the Native Channel;
And, unoppos'd, be calm.

Vera. No, never more:
The Moon has roul'd above his Head, and turn'd it;
As Peals of Thunder ſow'r the generous Wine.
(To *Alph.*) Hence from my Preſence thou, no more my Son.

Ximena. If he be Mad, be Madneſs his excuſe;
And Pardon Nature's Error, not his own.

Vera. Ximena, you have fonded him to this;
I Propheſied; and now 'tis come to paſs.

Gar. Perhaps, I interrupted him too rudely:
And ſince I caus'd, my ſelf, that ill Reception,
Forgive our mutual Faults.

Vera. You ſhall prevail;
Tho' he deſerves not ſuch an Interceſſor:
(To *Alphon.*) Retire, *Alphonſo*, to your inmoſt Lodgings;
And there incloſe your ſelf, and mourn your Crimes:
Be this your laſt Relapſe; the next is Fatal.

Alphon. I will retire.
But, if I am a Madman, as you ſay;
And as I half believe, expect no Cure,
But in *Alphonſo*'s Death. [Alphonſo *goes in.*

Ximena. (*aſide.*) It works apace:
But whither it will tend, Heaven only knows.

[Veramond *ſees the Book upon the Ground, and takes it up.*

Vera. This Book he left; go bear it after him.
Yet ſtay, I know not why, but ſomewhat prompts me
To Read this folded Page.
(To *Garcia.*) Go, Royal Youth,

I wou'd

I wou'd my ſelf conduct you to *Victoria*:
But Lovers need no Guide to their Deſires:
And Love no Witneſs, but himſelf Requires.

[*Exeunt the King and Queen one way, with their Attendants, and* Don Garcia *with his, another.*

The SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Carlos, *before* Don Lopez *his Door.*

Carlos. That's the Door of *Lopez*, and *Sancho* muſt come out this way; now Fool ſit faſt, for thou ſhalt not want for peſtilent Advice: But firſt, I muſt know, how far thou haſt proceeded with the Father and the Daughter, that I may know what Drugs I muſt prepare, for the preſent Condition of my Patient; oh, the Door opens already, and he bolts out ſingle, as I wiſht.

Enter Sancho, *picking his Teeth.*

Sancho. What, *Carlos*, you have Din'd before me; but, it may be, you ha' not far'd ſo well.

Carlos. The beſt part of your Entertainment, I ſuppoſe, was the Deſſert of the Fair *Dalinda* after Dinner; and how, and how, go Matters?

Sancho. Better than thou wou'dſt have 'em, thou wou'dſt have put a ſpoke in my Wheel, I know it.

Carlos. No, Fortune always ſets thoſe of your Admirable Underſtanding uppermoſt; but remember, *Dalinda* was once mine, however.

Sancho. Thou wou'dſt not have me give the Box away, when I have thrown Seven? Come, ſet upon it what thou dar'ſt, and I'le give thee leave to do thy worſt.

Carlos. You are very confident of your good Luck.

Sancho. Thou know'ſt, I have a perpetual aſcendant over thee.

Carl. And you are ſure to carry her?

Sanch. She is fond of my Perſon; ſhe ogled me all Dinner time; ſhe put her foot under the Table, and trod upon mine; and if theſe are not certain Symptoms of Paſſion, the Devil's in Womankind.

Carl. And her Father?

Sanch. The goodeſt Old Man; he drank my Health to his Daughter; and I, to comply with my Obligation, anſwer'd the Challenge; there I think I was with her again.

Carl. You have no more to do but to take out a Licence.

Sanch. Indeed I have her Licence for it.

Carl. What, quibbling too in your Proſperity? If you let another I ſhall be inrag'd. But you have not told me that her Father is conſenting.

Sanch. In a manner: But——

Carl. But what; is he not abſolutely yours?

Sanch. There's a ſmall demur upon the matter; in ſhort, he hit me in the Teeth with a damnable Rich Old *Conde*; who, I find, has been dabbling with this Covetous Old Huncks; but, bating him, *Don Lopez* tells me I ſhall be the welcomeſt Man alive.

Carl. Do you know that *Conde*'s Name?

Sanch. Don ſomething *de Cardona*, whom the Devil confound.

Carl. My old Acquaintance; he charged with me in the Battel, but what became of him I know not; if he be the Man, deſpair betimes, *Sancho*, he'll revenge my Quarrel, and carry her in ſpight of you.

Sanch. I am cunning, you know; and I believe he nam'd that curſed *Conde*, only to draw me on the faſter.

Carl. And do you think a Gentleman can ſucceed againſt a *Conde*, with a Woman?

Sanch. Why not?

Carl. No more than a *Conde* againſt a Duke, and ſo upwards.

Abandon

Abandon her, I ſay.

Sancho. No; I am reſolute.

Carl. To be the Shoeing-horn for the *Conde?*

Sancho. I confeſs, I wou'd not be the Shoeing-horn to draw him on.

Carl. No; for that's to be a Pimp for him.

Sancho. Right; therefore I will leave her.

Carl. Then go back; and quarrel with her and her Father; Go, I ſay, immediately before your Virtue cools.

Sancho. I'll give 'em their own, I'll warrant 'em: what, make a Shoeing-horn of a Man of Honour?

[*Exit* Sancho.

Carl. (alone.) If the *Conde* be in Love, then why ſhou'd *Lopez* admit of *Sancho* for a Suitor; if not, the Fool is in the right, that it was only feign'd to draw him on. However, my advice will ſtrike on both ſides; for if *Sancho* quarrels he's diſcarded, and for the *Conde*——ſtay a little——What if I ſhou'd play this *Conde?* I know him, and can Mimmick him exactly, 'tis but a Jeſt if I am diſcovered; and if the *Conde* loves her, and ſhe him, then I marry her in his ſhape——Oh, they are coming out to quarrel in the open Air; for the Houſe is grown too hot for 'em; but I dare not ſtay to ſee the Battel, for fear of getting blows on both ſides.

[*Exit* Carlos.

Enter Lopez, Dalinda, *and* Sancho.

Lopez. I'll wait upon you out of my Houſe, however.

Sancho. Father-in-Law, that might have been, no more Ceremonies, I'll be no Shoeing-horn for any Man.

Lop. You wou'd not be my Daughter's hinderance?

Sancho. There's no more to be ſaid on't; but either a Bargain, or no Bargain.

Lop. A Bargain, if the *Conde* comes not on.

Sancho. Then as he comes on, I muſt go off, with a Pox to you; and to your Daughter.

Dalind. At leaſt it ſhall not be a Pox of your giving.

Sanch. The *Conde*'s Pox take you then; that's an Honourable Pox deſcended in a right Line from *Don Rodoric* the *Goth*, I'll warrant you.

Lop. Indeed, if your Eſtate were as great as his——

Sanch. Nay, for that matter I can drop Gold with him, as little as I care for her.

Dalind. But then his Title?

Sanch. I have more Gold yet, to weigh down his Parchment. And then my Wit againſt a *Conde*'s Wit, that's for Overplus; for tho I ſay it——

Lop. Who ſhou'd not ſay it.

Sanch. Yet I do ſay it, and will ſay it, eſpecially as Lords go now: Come, there's no more to be ſaid, *Lopez*; but take back your Trumpery, I mean your Daughter; or I'll ſend for the Scavenger with a Dung Cart.

Lop. This is inſufferable: and by this Honourable Beard—

Sanch. Which I'll pull off by handfuls, if you ſwagger—

Lop. (aſide to *Dalinda.*) What ſhall we do with this Madman, Daughter?

Dalind. You ſhou'd ſend for an Alguazile to order him, if I were ſure that the *Conde* wou'd come on again; but ſince that's uncertain, go in, Father, and let me alone with him, if I make him your Son-in-Law, that's Puniſhment ſufficient for him.

Lop. Well, Cavalier, you may chance to hear of me.

[*Exit* Lopez.

Sanch. Yes, and of your Daughter too, in the next Lampoon, I doubt not——(*To* Dalinda.) Why don't you follow him? What do you and I together, Madam Counteſs?

Dalind. Nay, I know not.

Sanch. Nor I neither.

Dalind. I hope you will not beat me.

[*She looks languiſhingly upon him.*

Sanch. I can't tell that——Thou haſt a damnable kind of lear that wou'd provoke me to ſomething——I ſay not what.

Dalind.

Dalind. Beat me with my own hand, if I deſerve it, there 'tis for you.

[*Gives him her hand, and ſqueezes his.*

Sanch. If I ſhould beat thee now, as thou haſt deſerv'd richly, I cou'd make thee ſatisfaction.

Dalind. Indeed, they ſay an old Man ſhou'd never beat a young Woman, becauſe he cannot make her ſatisfaction.

Sanch. Abominable Chuck. If I did not hate thee mortally, I cou'd be content to love thee for a quarter of an hour, or ſo——Why, what's here to do? You are at your old tricks again: Prithee, ſweet Devil, do not ogle me, nor ſqueeze my Palm ſo feelingly, thou dear Infernal, do not.

Dalind. Why, do I hurt you?

Sanch. No, but thou tickleſt me to the very Heart-ſtrings, moſt wickedly.

Dalind. You command me then to leave you?

[*Seems to be going.*

Sanch. Not command you neither, not abſolutely.

Dalind. I go then——

Sanch. Then I do command thee——I mean, to ſtay a little longer. Thou haſt fir'd my blood moſt horribly, with that ſqueezing; haſt not thou the Itch? ſpeak, Damnation, I think I have got the Infection of thee——

[*He ſhakes his hands.*

Dalind. I'll go and comfort my poor old Father, for the Affront you gave him.

Sanch. No, Perverſeneſs; I'll make thee ſtay, in very ſpight of thy proud Sex I'll humble thee.

Dalind. But was not you a grievous Man to uſe him ſo? You ſhall tell me, or I break your Fingers.

Sanch. Not a word, to ſave thee from Perdition; I am as dumb as a Heathen Oracle.

Dal. Then I muſt ſqueeze it out of you——

[*Preſſing his hand again.*

Sanch. Ah, ah, it runs through me like Wild Fire——

[*Panting.*

Dalind.

Dal. Did not *Carlos* give you this naughty Counſel?

San. I ſhou'd not anſwer thee, I know it. Heartlykins, this is juſt cramping a Man when he's aſleep, to make him tell his Dream; let go my hand, and *Carlos* did not adviſe me, but hold it, and he did; now will you be at quiet with me?

Dal. Not, till you promiſe me to be Friends with my Father.

San. Well, confound thee, I am Friends with him.

Dal. And to baniſh *Carlos* for an Evil Counſellor.

San. Upon condition, you'l diſcharge the Count from ſeeing you.

Dal. No Conditions, either ſurrender upon Diſcretion, or I'le put you to the Sword.

San. Pox on thee, for being ſo Tyrannical, but I can't help my ſelf, and therefore I totally ſubmit.

Dal. Now then, you ſhall perceive how Gracious a Princeſs I intend to be; my Father dotes upon this Count, but I deſpiſe him.

San. That's a good Girl; for Love of me, I'le warrant you.

Dal. You think I cokes you now.

San. No, I know my own Merit too well for that.

Dal. Then do what I adviſe you; my Father has not often ſeen this Count; what if you ſhou'd paſs for him?

San. Hum, I do not apprehend thee.

Dal. A Man of your Wit, and be ſo ſtupid; you ſhall counterfeit the Count.

Sanch. Counterfeit the Count, that's a pure quibble, but I can make no more on't.

Dal. He's an Old Fellow, and a Fool; now, you ſhall take upon you to be this Count, to deceive my Father; and I'le keep your Counſel, and I'l each you how to Repreſent him.

San. Oh, now I underſtand you; but 'tis impoſſible for me to counterfeit a Fool.

Dal. I'le warrant you, truſt Nature.

San. A Man of my Senſe, can never hide his Parts.

Dal. No, but you may ſhew 'em; go back to your Lodgings, I'le provide you Cloaths, and ſend you Directions in Writing,

Writing, how to behave your ſelf before my Father—— One word more, be ſure you manage this in private, and ſhut out *Carlos*, leſt he ſhould diſcover our Intriegue.

San. Well, I will ſtrive for once to get the better of my Wit, and play the Natural as naturally as I can, but you had better come your ſelf and Teach me, for you have put me in a pure way of taking your Inſtructions.

[*Exit* Sancho.

Dalind. (*alone.*) When I conſider what has paſs'd between the Count and me, there's little Reaſon to believe, a Man ſhou'd put on a foul Shirt again, when he has put it off already, and has change of Linnen by him; however, my Father ſhall know nothing of this Diſguiſe, for he that ſold my firſt Maidenhead to the Lord, may ſell my ſecond to the Fool; and that wou'd be too much in Conſcience, that a Woman once in twice, ſhou'd not have the Letting her own Freehold; and therefore, I will have the Selling of my ſelf, and *Sancho*, ſhall have the refuſal of the Bargain.

Wiſe Heav'n, in pity to the Sex, deſign'd
Fools, for the laſt Relief of Womankind.
Two Married Wits, no quiet can enjoy:
Two Fools together wou'd the Houſe deſtroy.
But Providence, to level Humane Life,
Made the Fool Husband, for the Witty Wife.

[*Exit* Dalinda.

ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene, Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Alphonſo, *with Muſick.*

A Song is Sung: when it is beginning, Victoria *Enters.*

Song of *Jealouſie.*

1.

WHat State of Life can be ſo bleſt
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breaſt?
Two Souls in one, the ſame deſire
To grant the Bliſs, and to require!
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2.

All other ills, tho ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In abſence, or unkind diſdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſie:
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

Falſe

3.

False, in thy Glass all Objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far:
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee
O Jealousie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealousie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

[*Exeunt Musitians.*

Alphon. 'TIS true, my Tyrant Father has confin'd me;
But Love, who traverses the World at will,
Who knows not Awe, nor Law, nor Parentage,
Has broke my Tedder, and enlarg'd my bounds.

Vict. Retire betimes, the Court is full of Eyes;
As Eagles sharp, fatal as Basilisques;
Who Live on Looking, and who See to Death.

Alphon. I come but to depart, and go for ever:
Because denied the common Rights of Nature;
Which the First Brother, and First Sister had.
Why, were not you and I that Happy Pair?
But Nature doats with Age.

Vict. What-e're it be, 'tis past redress, *Alphonso.*

Alphon. But then, shall *Garcia* take thee in his Arms?
Glutted with Joys, which I wou'd dye to Taste:
No, let me stab the Wretch in every Vein;
And leave him dry of Pleasure, e're we part.

Vict. Alphonso, no, you cannot Kill *Don Garcia,*
But you declare the Cause, and own your Love.

Alphon. And what care I, what after Ages say
Alphonso did, to make *Alphonso* Happy?
But oh, you Love; and wou'd preserve his Life
To be for ever his.

Vict. My Dearest Brother:
I Hate your Rival, and I Dye for you.
All but my Spotless Honour shall be yours.

Alphon. By Heaven! but that word Heaven comes cross

my Thoughts——

Vict. Beware; for by my own, I gueſs your Paſſion.
You wou'd I fear——

Alphon. Enjoy my Heaven one moment.——

Vict. And part with it for ever: Think on that.

Alphon. That moment were Eternity in little:
A mighty Summ, but taken on content;
To ſave the tedious telling o're and o're.

Vict. Oh, we are too long together.

Alphon. Fear you that?

Vict. I ought to fear it; but I truſt my Virtue.
Depart, my Soul, I will not ask you whither;
For fear, I ſhou'd Repent of my Repentance;
And follow you to Death.

Alphon. I go, *Victoria*:
But Love's cold Fit of Jealouſie returns;
You muſt not be *Don Garcia*'s; Swear, you will not.

Vict. I Swear I will not, by my own conſent.

Alphon. You may be forc'd; oh, curſed Jealouſie,
Thou Baſtard Son of Love, unlike thy Father,
Why doſt thou ſtill Torment me?

Vict. Truſt my Honour.

Alphon. That may be chaft into a warmth, *Victoria.*
Talk, Seeing, Touching, are Incendiaries.
And theſe may mount your Young Deſires, like Straw
To meet the Jett that draws you.

Vict. Truſt my Love.

Alphon. I Swear I truſt it, but I fear your Beauty:
'Tis a fair Fruit that hangs upon the Bough:
Tempts and is Tempted.

Vict. 'Tis indeed a Fruit;
Seen and deſir'd of all, while yet unpull'd,
But can be gathered by one only Hand.

Alphon. That one, is *Garcia*; ſtill the Fit returns;
I wiſh my Jealouſie cou'd quench my Love.

Vict. It cannot, if I meaſure yours by mine:
Or if extinguiſht, like a trail of ſmoak
From a Wax Taper, ſoon wou'd light again.

Alph.

Alphon. 'Tis ſo, for when I ſay I will not Love,
Then I Love moſt: Farewell my only Joy,
I go to hide me from the World and you.
Victo. As when the Sun is down,
His Light is clipt into a thouſand Stars,
So your ſweet Image, tho you ſhine not on me,
Will guild the horrour of the Night, and make
A pleaſing Scene of ſolitary Grief.

Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *he with an* Ovid *in his hand.*

Vera. How dar'ſt thou, Rebel, thus provoke my Patience,
Beyond all ſufferance, and tranſgreſs thy Bounds?
Alphon. When Kings and Fathers, on their Sons and Subjects
Exact intollerable things to bear,
Nature and Self-defence diſpence with Duty.
Vera. Oh Heaven, what horrid Sin have I committed!
That I was puniſh'd to beget this Son?
Alph. I cou'd ask Heaven another Queſtion too;
But that 'tis not ſo decent: In few words,
Hither I came to take my lateſt leave
Of dear *Victoria*, then depart for ever.
And buried in ſome ſolitary Cave,
Forgetting and forgotten, end my Days.
Vera. 'Tis what thou haſt deſerv'd: perform thy Pennance.
Ximen. So hard a Sentence for ſo ſmall a Fault?
Are you a Father, Sir?
Vera. Is he a Son?
Thou know'ſt not his Offence.
But mark the glowing Blood, the guilty Fluſh
Upon *Victoria*'s Face, and read it there.
Ximen. I know not what you mean.
Vera. Victoria, ſpeak
And clear your ſelf——She anſwers not a word.
Nay then my fears are true, on both ſides guilty.
Victo. (*aſide.*) 'Tis found; and we are loſt.

Vera. But what needs more Conviction: Know you this?
[*Shewing the* Ovid *to* Alphonſo.
This Book the Tutor of Inceſtuous Love?
The Page is doubled down, and points thee to thy Crime.
I fear'd, before, from every rolling glance;
How quick they ſhot upon thy Siſter's Face:
And ſhe receiv'd them all, like ſmoaking Flax;
Confeſs'd the Fire, and anſwer'd to the Flame.

Vict. I Love my Brother, and avow that Fire:
His Love to me, has rais'd his Noble Thoughts
To Brave Atchievements, for your Crown and you.
For Love's the Steel, that ſtrikes upon the Flint:
Gives Coldneſs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame;
And ſpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Vera. Oh Heav'ns, ſhe makes a Merit of her Crime.
Victoria, I wou'd yet think better of thee,
And therefore dare I not enquire too far;
Willing to doubt the Guilt I fear to find.
Depart, and Anſwer not. [*Exit* Victoria.
For thee, whom I abhor to call my Son, [*To* Alphonſo.
And wiſh thou wert a Stranger to my Blood——

Ximena. (*aſide.*) That was a happy hint; I muſt improve it.

Vera. One way, and only one, remains to clear thee:
If, with a Holy Fire, thou Lov'ſt thy Siſter,
Aſpiring but to Fame, not ſinking down
Into th' abyſs of Luſt unnatural,
Conſent that ſhe may be *Don Garcia*'s Wife;
Elſe give the Lye to all thy fair Pretences;
And ſtand expos'd a Monſter of Mankind:
Foul as the Fiends, which fell from Heaven's high Towers,
Fall thou from Empire ſo; and from my ſight;
Depart, Accurſt for ever.

Alph. Gladly I leave you; but ſhall go more lightly,
Eas'd of this your dreadful Imprecation:
O! let me go unloaded with your Curſe;
And I will bleſs you for my Baniſhment.

Vera. So may that Bleſſing or that Curſe o'retake thee,
As thou Obey'ſt or Diſobey'ſt my Will.

Alph.

Alph. Guiltleſs of Sin, with Conſcience to my Friend,
I go, to ſhun that fatal Hour, that ſhews me
Victoria Married, and *Alphonſo* loſt.

[*He's going.*

Ximena. Stay yet, *Alphonſo*; for one moment ſtay:
For ſomewhat, if I durſt, I have to ſpeak,
Which wou'd at leaſt take half thy load away;
And free thy ſhoulders from the weight of Sin.

Vera. Ximena, dar'ſt thou hope to palliate Inceſt,
And gild ſo black a Crime?

Ximena. I gild it not; but if I prove it none,
You may be kind, *Alphonſo* may be happy,
And theſe Domeſtick Jarrs, for ever ceaſe.

Vera. Explain your ſelf.

Ximena. Afford me then your Patience.
A mighty Secret labours in my Soul,
And like a ruſhing Stream breaks down the Dam;
This day muſt give it vent, it reſts in you
To make it end in a Tempeſtuous Night,
Or in a Glorious Evening.

Vera. No more Preface.

Ximena. You wonder at *Alphonſo*'s haughty Carriage,
His fiery Temper, and his awleſs Mind.

Vera. Too true, *Ximena.*

Ximena. And he wonders more
At your harſh Nature, and your rugged uſage,
On each ſide unbecoming Son and Father;
And yet the cauſe of both is to be found.
But e're I farther ſhall proceed to ſpeak;
Command your Royal Priſoner to be brought;
For I muſt be confronted with *Ramirez*:
And in his Preſence tell you wondrous things;
Which if he vouch not, let *Ximena* Dye.

Vera. I ſent for him to hear his final Doom:
And think he waits without.
Admit the Priſoner.

[*He goes to the Door and ſpeaks.*

Enter

Enter Ramirez, *Guarded.*

Now, Sir, is yet your Haughty Soul reſolv'd
To quit your empty Title for your Freedom?
Ximena. Ramirez, anſwer not, to raiſe his Paſſion:
For now th' important Secret of our Lives
Muſt come to Publick view; and on that hinge
Depends thy Crown, thy Liberty, and Life,
My Honour and thy Son's.
Alpho. (*aſide.*) What means my Mother?
Vera. A Son, *Ramirez?*
Ram. Yes, a Son I had.
Vera. He Dyed an Infant here in *Saragoſſa.*
Ram. A living Son I have; and ſince the Queen
Is pleas'd t' expoſe my Life,
Before a Judge ſo prejudic'd as you:
Undaunted in the Face of Death I ſpeak;
And claim *Alphonſo* mine.
Vera. There needs no more; I ſpare thee all the reſt:
My Wife's Adultery, thy foul Interloping;
My own Diſhonour, and that Baſtard's Birth.
Ximena. Injurious words, unfitting you to ſpeak;
And me, my Lord, and thoſe concern'd to hear.
Alph.(to *Vera.*) Tho' I wou'd give what e're the Sun beholds
Not to be yours; yet, when my Mother's Fame
Is queſtion'd, none ſhall wrong her Innocence:
Nor ſhall *Ramirez* go
Unpuniſht for that Infamous Aſperſion.
Ramir. Alphonſo, Peace, your Father bids you Peace.
Vera. Then, what am I?
Ramir. His Foſter-Father.
Vera. Impudently ſaid:
And yet I hope 'tis true; ſo much I hate him,
That I cou'd buy the Publick Scorn, to be
An Alien to his Blood.
Ximena. Have patience, Sir;
And you ſhall have your wiſh, on cheaper Terms,

But

But hear me ſpeak.

Vera. Good Heav'n, then give me patience.

Ximena. When you and brave *Ramirez*, then your Friend,
Me and my Siſter Married, four full Years
We paſs'd in Barren Wedlock, Childleſs both;
Ramirez, you remember, brought his Queen
To *Saragoſſa* on a friendly Viſit:
Then as we both were Married on one day;
We both Conceiv'd together.

Vera. I obſerve it:
That when *Ramirez* came, you both Conceiv'd.
Mark that; and if thou haſt the Face, proceed.

Ximena. My Lord, I dare;
You took me once aſide; and as your Rage
Inſpir'd your Soul, ſpoke thus; *Ximena*, know
That if the Fruit thou bear'ſt, be not a Son,
Henceforth, no more my Queen, we part for ever.
The word was hard, I bore it as I cou'd;
I Pray'd, and Heav'n in pity heard my Vows:
Two Boys in one fair Morning were diſclos'd;
By me, and by my Siſter.
And both the Fathers equally were Bleſt.

Vera. Say one was Bleſt with two; and ſpeak more truly.

Ximena. Forbear this Language, Sir; or I am Dumb;
It ſeems that you deſerv'd not him you had:
For, in ſev'n days, Heav'n Raviſht your *Alphonſo*;
My Siſter's little *Veramond* ſurviv'd,
And ſhe's a Living Witneſs of this Truth.
Great was my Grief; but greater was my Fear,
From your (alas) too much experienc'd Anger.
Thus low reduc'd, and urg'd by anxious Thoughts,
Of what I might expect from your unkindneſs.
Now ſpeak, *Ramirez*; and relate the reſt;
For my Tongue falters, and denies its Office;
So much I fear my Lord ſhou'd take offence.

Ramir. Then like, or diſapprove it, thus it was.
She told my Wife and me this mournful Story,
Her Fears for thy Relentment for thy loſs,

If

If by misfortune it ſhou'd reach thy Ears:
Begg'd Secreſie, and then Implor'd our Aid,
To ſubſtitute the Living for the Dead;
And make our *Veramond* paſs for thy *Alphonſo*.
A hard Requeſt, but with compaſſion mov'd,
At length, 'twas granted.

Vera. Is this true, *Ximena?*

Ximen. So Heav'n and you forgive my Pious Fraud,
As what he ſays is certain.

Alph. Oh Joyful News, Oh Happy Day; too good
To end in Night,——My Father, and my King.
[*Runs to* Ramirez, *kneels to him, and kiſſes his Hand.*
My Soul foreknew you with a ſure preſage
Of Native Duty, and Inſtinctive Love.

Ramir. Ariſe, my Son.

Vera. You own him then?

Ramir. I do.

Vera. A welcome riddance;
Mean time, in proſpect of a double Crown,
You gave the Sparrow leave to brood upon
The Cuckoo's Egg.

Ramir. The advantage was to you;
He prov'd his Blood upon me when we fought.
Fierce Eagles never procreate fearful Doves:
I ſent him word he was my Son, before
The Battel, but the Hand of Fate was in it:
The Note miſcarried, and we blindly met.

Ximena. Paſt Accidents imbitter both your Minds.
Think forwards on your mutual Intereſts;
Alphonſo Loves *Victoria*:
I ſaw it in the Seeds, before diſclos'd
To other Eyes; conniv'd at it, approv'd it.

Vera. A moſt commodious Mother!

Ximena. Blame me not;
Guilt there was none, but in their apprehenſion:
And both their Virtues bar'd ill conſequences.
Now take the bleſt occaſion by the foretop;
And, on their Marriage found a laſting Peace.

Ramir.

Ramir. A trivial Accident begot this War.
Some paltry bounds of ill diſtinguiſht Earth;
A clod that lay betwixt us unaſcertain'd;
And Royal Pride, on both ſides, drew our Swords:
Thus Monarchs quarrel, and their Subjects bleed.
Remove your Land-marks, ſet 'em where you pleaſe:
Stretch out your *Arragon* on my *Caſtile*;
And be once more my Brother.
Alph. I implore it:
And proſtrate, beg your Pardon, and your Grace;
I have offended in my Proud Behaviour;
But make *Victoria* mine, and what your Son
In Duty wanted, by your Son-in-Law
Shall doubly be ſupply'd.
Ximena. What, wou'd you more?
Vera. (*to her.*) Are you the Mediatrix of this Peace?
Ximen. It well becomes the ſoftneſs of my Sex;
To mediate for ſweet Peace, the beſt of Bleſſings,
And like a *Sabine* Wife, to run betwixt
Relations lifted Swords.
Vera. A rare Chaſte *Sabine*, you!
To ſave th' Adulterer of thy Husband's Bed:
See there *Alphonſo*'s Father, that Old Goat,
Who on, Two Siſters propagated Luſt:
And Got two Children; for himſelf and me.
Suppoſe thee Chaſte, a favourable Gueſs
To any of thy Sex, theſe are my Foes.
(To *Ramirez.*) Thou firſt, the former ſharer of my Sheets:
A King without a Kingdom, thine is Conquer'd;
And *Garcia* with *Victoria* ſhall enjoy it.
Ramirez. So monſtrouſly you wrong your Wife and me——
Vera. No more, my Will is Law.
Ramir. So Tyrants ſay.
Vera. I will not hear thee ſpeak, conduct him hence;
And ſtew him in the Dungeon's depth with Toads.
[*The Guards carry off* Ramirez.
(To *Alphon.*) For thee the worthy Son of ſuch a Father——
[*Walks by himſelf.*

Ximen. (to *Alphon.*) 'Tis desp'rate now; and I with ill-tim'd zeal,
Have hasten'd your destruction.

Alphonso. (*to her.*) You have Sav'd me.

Vera. (*aside.*) Say I shou'd put th' ungrateful Wretch to Death,
He's thought my Son, and whilst so thought, 'tis dangerous.
Imprison him; the People might Rebel:
He's Popular, and I am ill-Belov'd.
Then Banish him, that's best, but yet unsafe:
He may with Foreign Aid Reconquer all.
I'll venture that, with *Garcia* to my Friend;
He shall recall his Troops, mine are at hand
And ready prest for Service.

[*He comes to* Alph. *and* Ximena.

Ximen. Now the storm——

Vera. (To *Alph.*) Thy Doom's resolv'd: too gentle for thy Crimes:
I spare thy Life, depart to Banishment;
To morrow leave the Realm, this day the Town:
And like the Scape-Goat driv'n into the Desart,
Bear all ill Omens with thee.

Alph. Proud of my Exile, with erected Face,
I leave your Court, your Town, and your Dominions.
Pleas'd that I Love, at least without a Crime;
Lighter by what I lost: I tread in Air
Unhappy, but Triumphant in despair.

[*Exit* Alphonso.

Vera. Behold how haughtily he strides away,
Lofty and bold; as if not Banisht hence,
But seeking for some other place to Reign.
I think he cannot hope; but lest he shou'd,
Victoria soon shall be *Don Garcia*'s Bride.
(To *Ximen.*) Go, Madam, for I know you are in haste,
To greet your Daughter with this goodly News.
Tell her, *Alphonso* is no more my Son.
But tell her too, he shall not be her Husband.
Bid her prepare her self to Wed *Navarr*:
Whether by force or by consent, I care not:
To morrow shall determine that Affair.

Nor

Nor ſhall my Will be fruſtrate, or delay'd:
Kings are not Kings, unleſs they be obey'd.

[*Exeunt* Ambo.

The Scene is in the Street, before Lopez's *Houſe.*

Enter Sancho, *Habited like* Don Alonzo de Cardona. Dalinda *meeting him.*

Dalin. I watch'd your coming at the Window, and told my Father: He's coming out to welcome you.

Sanch. But if I chance to break out into a little Wit ſometimes, you'll excuſe my frailty.

Dalin. Pugh, you are ſo ſuſpicious of your ſelf, and have ſo little reaſon for't: be as witty as you can; I fear you not.

Enter Don Lopez, *and ſalutes him.*

Lop. Noble *Conde*, you are welcome from the Wars: and who did beſt in the Battel, I beſeech your Honour?

Sanch. Why, next my Honour, one Colonel *Sancho* did beſt.

Lop. Who, *Sancho*? he's little better than a Coxcomb.

Sanch. Nay, he has too much Wit; if he had as much Grace, 'twou'd be better for him.

Lop. But he's your Lordſhip's Rival in my Daughter.

Sanch. Is he ſo? then make much of him, Old Gentleman.

Lop. You wou'd not have me prefer him to your Excellency?

Sanch. Faith, you can hardly chuſe amiſs betwixt us two; he's my other ſelf, Man.

Lop. I make a vaſt difference betwixt you.

Sanch. That ſhall be a very good Jeſt between you and me another time.

Dalin. (*aſide.*) The Fool's too much a Fool, he's going to diſcover himſelf, if I prevent it not. (*To* Lopez.) Make

haſte, Father, and put him upon the Point, or he'll give me up to *Sancho.*

Lop. Let *Sancho* be no Fool, ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes, for he is not bound to make my Daughter any ſatisfaction, as you are.

Sanch. And ſatisfaction ſhe ſhall have: What, I hope you don't think I am an Eunuch?

Dal. (aſide.) Oh Heaven! I ſhall be ruin'd between them, I forgot to inſtruct my Father not to meddle with that Point. (*To* Lopez.) Say no more of it, I beſeech you, Sir.

Lop. (to her.) 'Tis for thy good; let me alone: You know you have injur'd the poor Girl, my Lord.

Sanch. Not to my Remembrance, Sennor; You and I may have quarrel'd, I confeſs, and I think I may have given you ſome hard words to day.

Dal. (aſide.) Now has he forgotten he's my Lord, and is harping upon the Quarrel he had with him as *Sancho:* this muſt end in my Deſtruction.

Lop. Your Lordſhip and I can have had no Quarrel to day, for I have not ſeen you this Twelve-month.

Sanch. That's true; now I remember my ſelf, you have not.

Lop. But that you have wrong'd my Daughter is manifeſt.

Dal. (to *Sanch.*) Sir, I muſt needs ſpeak a word with you in private; if you love me, confeſs you have enjoy'd me; for I told my Father ſo on purpoſe to make him the more condeſcending to the Match.

San. (to her.) A word to the Wiſe, I underſtand you; Now you ſhall ſee me top upon the old Fellow.

(*To* Lopez.) Well, Sennor, I won't ſtand with you for a Night's Lodging with your Daughter; I acknowledge I have been a little familiar with her, or ſo: but to make her amends I will marry her, and conſummate with her moſt abundantly.

Lop. Then all ſhall be ſet right, and the Man ſhall have his Mare again.

Enter

Enter Carlos *habited like* Sancho.

Lop. What, another *Don Alonzo?* this is Prodigious!

Carl. (aſide, ſeeing Sancho.) Bleſs me, the Poſt is taken up already, and the true Count is here before me.

Dal. (aſide.) This is not my *Conde:* but ſome other Counterfeit. (*To* Sancho.) You are as true a Count as he: Stand to your Likeneſs.

Sanch. Wou'd I were out of my Likeneſs.

[*Sneaking back.*

Dal. Put forward, Man, I'll ſecond you.

Sanch. But what a Deviliſh high Back he has gotten too, he'll carry me away a pick a pack, that's certain.

Carl. (aſide.) I find him now: by their whiſpering, and by his aukwardneſs, this muſt be *Sancho*; and I'll outface him.

(*To* Lopez.) Senior *Don Lopez*, I am come by your Permiſſion, to renew my Addreſſes to your fair Daughter.

Lop. Your Lordſhip is moſt welcome.

Sanch. Whoſe Lordſhip?

Lop. Why, one of your Lordſhips; I know not which; for by your Backs you are both my Lords: That's as you two can agree the matter.

*Sanch. (*to *Carlos.*) Sirrah, where did you ſteal that Back of mine?

Carl. Sirrah, I was born with it; but what He Cammel has your Mother been dealing withal, that you are begotten in my Reſemblance?

Sanch. What, I hope you won't pretend to paſs for the true *Conde?*

Carl. I am Don *Alonzo de Cardona.*

Sanch. And ſo am I.

Carl. If you ſtay a little longer, I'll ſtretch your Bones till you are as ſtreight as an Arrow.

Sanch. Do not provoke me; I am miſchievouſly bent.

Carl. Nay, you are bent enough in Conſcience, but I have a bent Fiſt for Boxing.

Sanch. And

Sanch. And I have a ſtreight Foot for Kicking.

[*They come up to each other.*

Lop. Here will be Blood-ſhed immediately ; hold Noblemen both ; will ye be content that I ſhould examine ye ; and then ſtand to my award which is the true *Conde.*

Sanch. Well, to ſave Chriſtian Blood, I will.

Carl. And to ſave Jewiſh Blood, that's your Blood, Sirrah, I am contented too.

Lop. (to *Carlos.*) What Command had you, my Lord, in the laſt Battel ?

Carl. I had none ; I was a Volunteer, and Charg'd with Honourable Colonel *Carlos* in the Fight.

Lop. (to *Sancho.*) And what Command had your Lordſhip there ?

Sanch. I had none neither ; and I charg'd with that Rogue, *Carlos.*

Lop. (*aſide.*) So far they are both right, as I have heard. (*To* Sancho.) And what became of you afterwards ?

Sanch. Now I am pos'd ; for *Carlos* told me he knew nothing of the Count afterwards : Sennor, I do not well remember what became of me, for I was in a very great Paſſion ; but I did prodigious things, that's certain.

Carl. (to *Lop.*) Sennor, you may ſee he's a Counterfeit, becauſe he knows nothing of himſelf ; but I, the true *Conde*, was trodden under the Horſes Feet, and lay for dead above half an hour.

Sanch. Well ; and now I remember my ſelf, I was laid for dead too for juſt about half a year.

Lop. (to *Dalind.*) This is the wrong Lord, he can ſay nothing but what the other Lord has ſaid before him.

Dalin. Then he's the likelier to be the true *Conde*, for he's a Fool, Father.

Carl. You ſee, Sennor, he does not remember what became of him, as I ſaid before.

Sanch. How wou'd you have a Man remember, when he was laid for dead ?

Carl. But I recover'd, Rogue, and purſu'd the Enemy.

Sanch. And I recover'd, and purſu'd 'em too, for above an hundred miles together, at full ſpeed. *Lop.* That's

Lop. That's farther than you needed by threeſcore miles; for 'tis but forty from the place of Battel to the City.

Carl. Yes, at full ſpeed upon the ſame Horſe, and never drew Bit neither.

Sanch. (to *Dalin.*) Help me, dear *Dalinda*! I am Bogg'd, you ſee.

Dalin. (*to him.*) That's with purſuing your Enemies too far; but I'll help you out again——(*To* Lopez.) Pray, Sir, let me examine 'em a little.

Lop. You'll make nothing of that firſt *Conde*.

Dalin. Yes, a Son-in-Law, I warrant you.
(*To them.*) Which of you two promis'd me Marriage?

Both. I did.

Dalin. (to *Carl.*) And did you enjoy me?

Carl. Heaven forbid, Madam: what, before Marriage?

Dalin. (to *Sanch.*) And what did you?

Sanch. I did enjoy her, ſo I did: and there I was before you, for a falſe *Conde* as you are.

Carl. Speak for your ſelf, Madam, and clear your Reputation, from that ſcandalous Companion.

Dalin. (*with her Fan before her face.*) I muſt confeſs the true *Conde* has enjoy'd me; the more my Frailty.

Lop. The matter mends on that ſide.

Sanch. Now Good man Gooſe-cap, who's the moſt a Man of Honour, he who has enjoy'd a fair Lady, or he who has only lickt his Lips, and gone without her?

Carl. (*aſide.*) I ſee ſhe takes his part; this is all a Lye contriv'd betwixt 'em.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. (to *Dalind.*) Madam, I am ſent to you on a ſad Errand from the late *Conde Don Alonzo*, who was kill'd in the laſt Battel.

Lop. You are miſtaken, Friend; for here he ſtands alive, and well. [*Pointing to* Sancho.
And for fear of failing, here's a Counterpart of him.
[*Pointing to* Carlos.

Meſſ. Do

Meſſ. Do not abuſe your ſelf, Sennor; neither of theſe is the true *Conde*: I took him from under the Horſes Feet, and he had only life enough to ſay, Remember me to my fair *Dalinda.*

Lop. (to *Sanch.*) What does your Lordſhip ſay to this?

Sanch. He was fairly kill'd, I muſt confeſs: but I can give you a better account of his Lordſhip afterwards.

Lop. You? why, who are you?

Sanch. Nay, I am he too.

Meſſ. You ſee he's a Counterfeit; and ſo is the other.

Lop. 'Tis too true.

Dal. Did the *Conde* leave me nothing in his Will?

Meſſ. Not a Croſs, Madam.

Dalin. There's the ſame Payment for your News; be gone, poor Fellow. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Carl. At leaſt I have the ſatisfaction that he's diſcover'd as well as I am. [*Throwing off ſome part of his Diſguiſe.* Now, *Sancho*, you are welcome to the diſcovery of your fine Intrigue.

Lop. Then, *Sancho*, I make good my word to you; ſince the *Conde* is dead, you ſtand faireſt for my Daughter; and you, Couſin *Carlos*, with your Wit and your Poverty, are in *Statu Quo*: Come away, Son-in-Law, and leave the forſaken Lover to make himſelf a Willow Garland.

[*Exeunt* Sancho, Lopez, *and* Dalinda.

Carl. Yet if I cou'd hinder *Sancho* from marrying her, I ſhou'd make my ſelf ſome ſatisfaction. I'll think on't farther; and ſomething comes into my head already.

[*Stands muſing.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Now *Carlos*, what make you here in this Diſguiſe? I have been looking for you at leaſt half an hour.

Carl. Only a Maſquerade, Sir, an innocent Diverſion in times of Peace.

Alph. No, *Carlos*, theſe are times of War, not Peace: I muſt abruptly tell you what is paſt:

I

I am *Ramirez* Son, not *Veramona*'s.
I love *Victoria*, and for her am baniſht.

Carl. Juſt my own condition: I have had a Revolution in my ſmall Affairs too; I am baniſht, and going to look for the next commodious Tree to make a wry Face upon it.

Alph. I know you Brave; and if you love me ſtill,
Follow my Fortune; yours ſhall be my Care,
Our Army lies Encamp'd without the Walls:
Your Regiment is Quarter'd in the Town:
I think I can with eaſe Revolt the Troops,
Becauſe they love me; and with their Aſſiſtance,
Releaſe my Father; and redeem my Miſtreſs:
While you and yours, at an appointed Signal,
Procure me Entrance.

Carl. Right; and force the Gate.——

Alph. That's all I ask: I think my ſelf as worthy
To wed *Victoria*, as this Foreign Prince:
But if you find Reluctance to this Action,
Now ſpeak, that I may ſeek ſome other Friend.

Carl. No, Sir; I ſhall never break with you for ſo ſmall a matter as a Rebellion, I warrant you for my Souldiers, they'll never flinch, when there's a Town to Plunder.

Alph. The Signal and the Time ſhall be concerted:
Victoria be the Word——
That happy Name our bold Attempt ſhall bleſs;
And give an Omen of aſſur'd Succeſs.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

H ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene a Street; with a Temple at a diſtance.

Enter Garcia, *with a Letter in his Hand*; Ximena *and* Celidea.

Garcia. MAY I believe you, 'tis *Victoria*'s Hand?
For 'tis a ſtrange Requeſt.

Ximen. So may it move your Noble Mind to pity,
As what the Paper tells you is moſt true.
She gave it me; and with a thouſand ſighs,
Begg'd me to recommend her Life, her Love,
And all her hopes of Happineſs to you.

Garc. To break my Marriage off, renounce her Bed,
To ſtand excluded from my promis'd Bliſs,
And as my proper Act to do all this?
Diſdainful, Faithleſs, and Ungrateful Maid!

Celid. Diſdainful and Ungrateful; but not Faithleſs.
Becauſe ſhe never vow'd nor promis'd Love;
But only to *Alphonſo*.

Xime. They lov'd not as a Brother and a Siſter,
But as the Fair and Brave each other Love.
For ſympathy of Souls inſpir'd their Paſſion.

Gar. That ſympathy which made him Love *Victoria*,
Has caus'd the ſame effect of Love in me.

Celid. But not in her: She Lov'd him firſt, my Lord;
And you Beſieg'd a Town already his.
As you for her, others may Dye for you;
And plead that Argument to hope your Love,
If the ſame Reaſon hold.

Gar. No doubt it wou'd,
Were not my Soul already prepoſſeſt.

Celid.

Celid. So is *Victoria*'s Soul, for her *Alphonſo*.
And that's her Plea for Conſtancy to him.
Gar. My Reaſon is convinc'd, but not my Paſſion.
For I muſt Love, and Loving muſt Enjoy.
Celid. Others muſt not Enjoy, and yet muſt Love.
Xime. You cannot Wed *Victoria* but by force:
And force can only make her Perſon yours.
Think what a fatal Doom you paſs on her,
To make your ſelf half happy.
Gar. When ſhe's mine
I will perſue her with ſo dear a Paſſion,
So chaſe her coldneſs with my warm Embraces,
That ſhe ſhall melt at length, hard as ſhe is;
And run like ſtubborn Mettal.
Celid. No, my Lord,
Victoria is not form'd of Steel, but Marble,
Which is not made to melt, but flies the Fire;
And neither yields nor ſoftens to the flames.
Gain her Eſteem at leaſt, her Love is hopeleſs.
Gar. Eſteem, a ſcanty, mean Reward of Paſſion,
That pays not half the value of the loſs.
Celid. Pay Scorn, with Scorn, and make Revenge a Pleaſure;
So Generous Minds ſhou'd do, and ſo ſhou'd I;
What needs there more,
You ſee who Loves you not——And——
Xime. And ſhe wou'd ſay, you may behold who Loves you;
But Maiden Baſhfulneſs has ty'd her Tongue:
Look on her Eyes, they ſpeak.
Celid. (*ſoftly.*) A Language which they never ſpoke before.
Xime. Mark how ſhe whiſpers, like a Weſtern wind
Which trembles thro' the Foreſt; ſhe, whoſe Eyes
Meet ready Victory where e're they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations Court,
And (did her Praiſe become a Mother's Mouth)
One who cou'd change the Worſhip of all Climates,
And make a New Religion where ſhe comes;
Unite the differing Faith of all the World;

To Idolize her Face.

Gar. And well she may:
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himself in Love; but oh, 'tis now too late,
My Eyes have drank a Poison in, before;
A former Basilisk has seen me first.
Yet know, Fair Princess, if there were a part
In all my Breast, that cou'd receive a wound,
Your Eyes cou'd only give it.

Celid. So helpless Friends, when safe themselves a-shoar,
Behold a Vessel driv'n against a Rock,
They Sigh, they Weep, they Counsel, and they Pray,
They stretch their unassisting Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To save the sinking Passenger from Death.

Xime. Already see the Joyless Bride appears;
Grief, Rage, Disdain, Distraction and Despair
Are equal in my Daughters diff'rent Fates:
In one, to be constrain'd to be your Wife;
In one, to be refus'd.

Enter Veramond *and* Victoria; *led as to Marriage, a Train follows; and after it a Guard.*

Celid. Great Nature break thy Chain, that Links together
The Fabrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos
Like that within my Soul; Oh Heaven unkind
That gives us Passions, strong and unconfin'd;
And leaves us Reason for a vain Defence;
Too Pow'rful Rebels, and too weak a Prince.

[Garcia, Ximena, Celidea, *mix with the Train, which walk as in Procession, towards the Temple.*

Enter

Enter on the ſudden Alphonſo *and* Carlos *at the head of their Party; the Souldiers attack the Guards, and King; and drive 'em off the Stage:* Alphonſo *fights with* Garcia, *grapples with him and gets him under; in the mean time* Ximena, Victoria, *and* Celidea, *retire to a corner of the Stage: when* Garcia *is fall'n* Celidea *runs, and kneels to* Alphonſo.

Celid. Oh ſpare him, ſpare the Noble *Garcia*'s Life:
Or take the Forfeit in the loſs of mine.
How happy ſhou'd I be to dye for him,
Who will not live for me!
Alph. (to *Garcia.*) Riſe, and be ſafe:
If you have any Thanks to pay, reſerve 'em
To give this Royal Maid.
Gar. (*riſing.*) You'd been more kind
To take my Life, for I wou'd throw it off;
Diſhonour'd as I am, 'tis worn to Rags,
Not worth a Prince's wearing.
[*Exit* Garcia *follow'd by* Celidea.

Re-enter Veramond *diſarm'd, and led by* Carlos.

Vera. Ungrateful Traytor!
Alph. Hold thy peace, Old Man:
I do not love t'inſult on thy Misfortunes.
Tho thou haſt brought this Ruine on thy ſelf.
Vera. Avenging Heav'n——
Alph. I prithee curſe me not,
Becauſe I held thee for my Father once.
Vera. Then wou'd I were thy Father, that my Curſe
Might take the ſurer place, and——
Alph. Guard him hence;
But uſe no Violence to his Royal Perſon:
Call back the Souldiers, *Carlos*, from the Spoil.

I have my wiſh in having my *Victoria*,
And wou'd no more of him, nor what is his.

[Carlos *reſtores to* Veramond *his Sword, with Reſpect, and conducts him off*; Ximena *follows him:* Alphonſo *waits on them to the Door, and returns.*

Vict. What have you done, *Alphonſo?*
Alph. What I ought.
Obtain'd the Glorious Prize for which I fought;
Redeem'd you from a Father's Tyranny;
And from a hated Rival ſet you free.
Remove, my Fair, from this unhappy place;
The Scene of Sorrows, Suff'rings, and Diſgrace:
To my Victorious Camp with me remove:
The Scene of Triumph, and Rewarded Love.
Vict. Mars has been preſent with your Arms to day,
But Love and *Hymen* have been far away:
You forc'd me from a Rival's Pow'r, I know;
But then you forc'd me from a Father's too.
Alph. What words are theſe! I feel my Vital Heat
Forſake my Limbs, my curdl'd Blood retreat:
Too much amaz'd to ſpeak, in this Surprize,
With ſilent Grief, on yours I fix my Eyes:
To learn the reaſons of your Change from thence;
To read your cruel Doom, and my Offence.
Vict. Your Arms, and Glorious Action, I approve:
Eſteem your Honour, and Embrace your Love.
Alph. My Soul recovers, as a gentle Show'r
Refreſhes and revives a drooping Flow'r.
I'm yours ſo much, ſo little am my own;
Your Smiles are Life; and Death is in your Frown.
Vict. But oh, a hard requeſt is yet behind;
Which, for my ſake, endure with equal Mind:
Your Debt of Honour you have clear'd this day;
But mine of Duty, ſtill remains to pay:
Reſtore my Liberty, and let me go
To make a full Diſcharge of all I owe.

Alph. What

Alph. What Debts but thoſe of Love have you to clear?
Are you not free, are you not Soveraign here?
And were you not a Slave, before I broke
Your fatal Chains, and loos'd you from the Yoke?
Vict. 'Tis true, I was; but that Captivity,
Tho hard to bear, was more becoming me.
A Slave I am; but Nature made me ſo,
Slave to my Father, not my Father's Foe:
Since, then, you have declar'd me Free, this hour
I put my ſelf within a Parent's Power.
Alph. Cruel *Victoria*! wou'd you go from hence,
And leave a deſolate, deſpairing Prince?
Is this the Freedom you demand from me;
Are theſe the Vows, and this the Conſtancy?
Put off the Mask: for I too well perceive
Whom you reſolve to love, and whom to leave:
Go, teach me at my own Expence, to find
What change a day can make in Womankind.
Vict. Think not a day, or all my Life, can make
Victoria's Heart her ſtedfaſt Love forſake:
I plighted you my Faith: and I renew
My Vows once more, to love but only you.
Alph. You vow'd no time our Fortune ſhou'd divide:
And well 'twas kept, like all your Vows beſide;
When ev'n this hour you went to be a Bride.
Vict. I went; but was ſecurely firſt prepar'd:
For this was my Redemption or my Guard.
[*Pulls out a Dagger.*
Let this your cauſeleſs Jealouſie remove;
And learn no more to doubt *Victoria*'s Love.
Alph. That fatal Proof I never did deſire.
Vict. And yet a Proof more fatal you require.
Which wou'd, with Infamy, my Name perſue;
To fly my Father, and to follow you.
Alph. Your Love you forfeit, if you go away.
Vict. I forfeit my Obedience if I ſtay.
Alph. You may transfer your Duty, and be mine.
Vict. Yes, when my Father ſhall his Claim reſign:

For

For when the Nuptial Knot our Love aſſures;
All that was his before, is, after, yours.
Alph. Then, when yon vow'd your Love, you falſly ſwore.
Vict. I love you much, but love my Honour more.
Alph. You hate my Rival, yet you take the way
To make you his inevitable Prey.
Vict. Beaſts fear not more to be the Hunter's Spoil.
Alph. Then ſure you wou'd not run into the Toyl.
How ill your Actions with your Words agree!
Vict. This Friend is ſtill at hand to ſet me free.
[*Holding up the Dagger.*
Alph. Let me not live to ſee that Fatal Hour:
Rather return into your Father's Pow'r.
Rather return into *his* Arms again,
For whom your Loſt *Alphonſo* you diſdain.
If one muſt dye, to ſet your Honour free,
You have already caſt the Lot on me.
Death is my only way to clear my Fame;
Which muſt be Branded with a Coward's Name,
If baſely I reſign *Victoria*'s Charms,
And tamely give you to my Rival's Arms.
Vict. To give me to my Father is no Crime.
Alph. 'Tis ſtill the ſame; your Father gives you him.
Ungrateful Woman!
Vict. More ungrateful Man!
More than I ought I give, and all I can:
But if my Duty I prefer to you,
Be ſatisfi'd with all that Love can do.
Alph. Not ſatisfi'd; but yet your Will ſhall be
Like Fates inviolable Law to me.
Since my Unhappy Stars will have it ſo,
Depart from hence, and leave your Father's Foe.
Go then; but quickly go; for while you ſtay,
As on a Rack I find my ſelf decay;
And every Moment looks a part of me away.
Vict. I wiſh I with my Duty cou'd diſpence:
Heav'n knows how loath I am to part from hence:

So

So, from the Seal is ſoften'd Wax disjoyn'd:
So, from the Mother Plant, the tender Rind:
But take the lateſt Pledge that Love can give;
Have Courage; and for your *Victoria* Live.

[*She offers him her Hand, he Kiſſes it: Exit* Victoria, *he Looking after her.*

Enter Ramirez, *Attended by* Carlos, Ramirez *Embraces* Alphonſo.

Ram. Prop of my Age, and Pattern of my Youth,
But ſuch as far excels th' Original;
Ten Thouſand Bleſſings on thee, for this Deed.
Alph. Heav'n and my Fate ſpeak other Language to me;
No Bleſſings, none, but millions of their Curſes,
Like burning Glaſſes, with contracted Beams,
Are pointed on my Head.
Ram. What words are theſe, on this Auſpicious Day!
Alph. Oh fly me, fly me, Sir.
Leſt the Contagion of my Woes,
Pollute my Father's Joys; *Victoria*'s gone,
And with her, went *Alphonſo*'s Life, and Soul.
Ram. You had her in your Pow'r; and were too eaſie.
Alph. Or rather ſhe too cruel.
Her Duty forc'd her hence, in ſcorn of Love.
Ram. You muſt reſume your Arms;
And force her Father's Will, to make her yours.
Why, like a Woman, ſtand you thus complaining,
Born to the Strength, and Courage of a Man?
Rouze up your Spirits to a juſt Revenge:
Like Lightning waſtful, and like Thunder loud.
Rivers of Blood ſhall run about the Town;
For which you were ſo laviſh of your own.
Garcia ſhall Dye; and, by his Death, remove
The cauſe of Jealouſie, and Injur'd Love.
The King himſelf, th'ungrateful King, ſhall fall;
Of all our Ills, the curſt Original.

Alph. Beſeech you, Sir, no more.

Ram. Your Reaſon, Son?

Alph. For you have giv'n my Soul ſo large a ſwing,
That it bounds back again with double force:
Only becauſe you carried it too far.
You've ſet an Image of ſo vaſt deſtruction
Before my ſight, that Reaſon ſhuns th' approach;
And dares not view the fearful precipice.

Ram. Is Vengeance, which is ſaid ſo ſweet a Morſel
That Heav'n reſerves it for its proper Taſt,
Is it ſo ſoon diſ-reliſht?

Alph. What have the People done? The Sheep of Princes,
That they ſhou'd periſh for the Shepherd's Fault?
They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their owners,
And yet when bare themſelves, are cull'd for Slaughter.
Shou'd I do this, what cou'd the Wolf do more,
Than what the Maſter did?

Ram. Then *Garcia*, muſt he ſcape?

Alph. 'Tis true, I had him at my Mercy once;
I ſhou'd have Kill'd him then, or once forgiven,
Shou'd ſpare him now.

Ram. (*aſide.*) His Noble Soul relents!

Alph. But then I give *Victoria* to his Arms;
And make my own Deſtruction my own Act——
That fires my Blood again——yet if ſhe Love him,
Is Killing him ſhe Loves, the way to gain her?
No, let him Live——But *Veramond* ſhall Dye;
Who, when he was my Father as he thought,
When I deſerv'd his Love; then hated me.

Ram. (*aſide.*) Oh! now the Tempeſt drives another way.

Alph. No more deliberation, there it goes:
I'le Kill him firſt, to ſatisfie my Vengeance:
And then t' Attone her Anger, Kill my ſelf.

[*Seems going haſtily.*

Ram. Hold, hold, *Alphonſo*, Heav'n and Earth and I,
Who have a Father's Title to your Life,
Forbid that Parricide.

Alph.

Alph. Wou'd you refuſe a Mad-Man leave to Sleep?
'Tis Sleep muſt cure me, and that Sleep is Death.
Ram. A Mad-Man muſt be cool'd, to make him Sleep.
I have prepar'd a gentle Opiat for you,
One Moment's Patience, and I will infuſe it:
You ſee me diſpoſſeſt of all my State——
Alph. Yes, to my Grief: and to enhance that Grief,
'Tis to my Sword, my Father ows his Ruin.
Ram. And 'tis that only Sword that can reſtore me.
It muſt, and ought: you owe it to your Duty.
Alph. Duty was what *Victoria* urg'd to me:
I hate that fatal word, becauſe ſhe us'd it;
And for a Cruel Father, left her Love.
Ram. Cou'd ſhe do that, for *Veramond*, a Tyrant,
Which you refuſe to me?
The Conquering Troops of *Arragon* are yours:
You are their Life, their Idol, and their Soul.
Conduct me Home, and with their Aid Reſtore me;
And that once done, we ſhall not need to Treat,
For *Veramond* himſelf will ſend; and ſue
For that Alliance, which his Pride now ſcorns.
Alph. Long e're that time, *Victoria* will be *Garcia*'s:
Her Father will not loſe one moment's ſpace,
To gratifie his Vengeance with my Ruine:
If I wou'd force him, this muſt be the time:
Which ſince I now refuſe, 'tis loſt for ever.
Hear then; and take it as my laſt reſolve;
Lead you the Troops: you need not fear their Faith:
The Guilt of their Rebellion make 'em yours.
With them, and with your own, Reſtore your ſelf.
Ram. Then what becomes of you?
Alph. No matter what.
Provide your ſelf of ſome more worthy Heir.
For I am loſt, beyond Redemption loſt;
Farewel the Joys of Empire from this moment:
Farewel the Honours of the duſty Field;
Here lay I down this Inſtrument of Death.
[*Ungirds his Sword, and lays it down.*

And may it gird ſome Happier Souldier's ſide:
For nothing it cou'd gain, can countervail
To me, the loſs of my *Victoria*'s Love.
Your Bleſſing, and farewel—— [*Kneels.*

Ram. Alas, I fear ſome fatal Reſolution
Is harbour'd in your Soul: if thus you leave me,
My Mind forbodes, we never more ſhall meet.

Alph. Give not ſo black an Omen to this parting.
For we may meet again, if Heav'n thinks fit——
A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the brown Horrour, and directs my way.
Blaſt not my purpoſe, by refuſing leave,
Nor ask the means: but know I will not Dye
Till I have prov'd th' extreameſt Remedy.
And, if Unarm'd, I go to tempt my Fate:
Think my deſpair is from *Victoria*'s Hate.

[*Exit* Alphonſo.

Ram. I might have us'd the Pow'r Heav'n gives to Parents,
And hindred his departure:
But ſomewhat of Divine controul'd my Tongue;
For Hero's Souls, irregular to us,
Yet move like Planets in their proper Sphere;
Performing even courſe,
In Paths uneven to beholders Eyes.——

[*Pauſes a little.*

(To *Carlos*) His words, myſterious as they were, imported,
Some deſperate Deſign, which I muſt watch,
And therefore dare not lead the Forces far:
But Camp'd without the Town at ſome ſmall diſtance;
T' expect the Iſſue, and prevent his Death.

Carlos. Sir, what Orders give you? for you are now our General.

Ram. Follow, and you ſhall know——

[*Exit* Ramirez.

Carl. Follow! whither? No Plunder when the Town was fairly taken, there's a hopeful General to follow; the Son and Father are both gone away, without providing for me, who betray'd the City to 'em; a fine Incouragement for Virtue; Well,

Well, theſe Monarchs make no more of us Souldiers, when their turn is ſerv'd, than we make of our old batter'd Horſes; to put us off for Stallions, is the beſt that can become of us: and thoſe indeed are my preſent Circumſtances: *Dalinda* will none, and *Sancho* is juſt mounting; if I get not between, and thruſt him off: for which purpoſe I have inſinuated to him that I have left *Dalinda* for his ſake, and am upon another Scent,——Yonder he comes: This, and another Lye which I have ready coin'd, will go near to ſpoil his Market.

Enter Sancho.

Sanch. Well, *Carlos*, the Hurly Burly's quite over; I met *Ramirez* marching off the Army; and juſt afterwards appear'd a Fellow in a Fool's Coat on Horſe-back, with three Trumpets; *Herod*, I think they call'd him; or ſome ſuch Jewiſh Name.

Carl. A Herauld at Arms you mean.

Sanch. It may be ſo; but I ſhou'd have taken him for ſome *Pardonner*, for he ſcatter'd Indulgences by handfuls to the People, but only they paid nothing for 'em.

Carl. But did he Proclaim nothing?

Sanch. Oh, yes; and now I remember, he began his Speech with, *O Tes*, too; he Proclaim'd a General Pardon to all Rebels, of which number, you know, you and I, *Carlos*, were two Ring-leaders.

Carl. Then farewell *Ramirez*, e'en trudge on by your ſelf, for there's an end of my Expedition; I will lay down my Arms like a Dutiful Subject; and ſubmit to his Majeſty when I can rebel no longer.

Sanch. Very good; and try t'other touch for *Dalinda*, will you?

Carl. You know I have quitted her for your ſake, and now am altogether for——Let me ſee, what Lady am I for?

Sanch. Pump, pump, *Carlos*; for that's to be invented yet.

Carl. Only

Carl. Only out of my Head a little: 'Tis the dead Count's Sister; a great Fortune since her Brother died, but somewhat homely: She has already made some Advances to me, or else I lye.

Sanch. And will you say *To Have and to Hold*, with an ugly Woman?

Carl. Yes, and *For Better for Worse*, that is, for Virgin or for Whore, as you will, *Sancho*; who are lifting your self into the Honourable Company of Cuckolds.

Sanch. What, a Hero as I am, to be a Cuckold?

Carl. Do not disdain your Calling; *Julius Cæsar* was one before you: The Count has had her by her own Confession; so she's a Nobleman's Dowager for your Comfort.

Sanch. Pugh, she deny'd it afterwards; that was but a Copy of her Countenance.

Carl. What if it prove a Copy of the *Conde*'s Countenance, do yout think she had not a Bastard by him?

Sanch. That was only a Plot betwixt us to cheat her Father.

Carl. Did her Father know nothing of it?

Sanch. Not a Syllable.

Carl. Then when he believ'd you to be the Count, how came he to charge you with enjoying her?

Sanch. That is something to the purpose; but now I think on't, 'tis nothing neither; 'tis but asking her the Question, and I know she'll satisfie me.

Carl. And you are resolv'd to take her word?

Sanch. Rather than yours; for you may have a mind to have a lick at the Honey-pot your self.

Carl. Farewel; you know I have other business upon the Stocks.

[*Seems going out.*

Sanch. Stay, *Carlos*; I'm afraid you know something more of this bawdy business than you confess.

Carl. Fecks, not I.

Sanch. Fecks! what a sneaking Oath is that for a Man of Honour? Swear me bloodily like a Souldier, if you wou'd be believ'd.

Carl. With-

Carl. Without Swearing, I believe her honeſt; therefore make ſure of her immediately.

Sancb. That is, take a Rival's Counſel, and make ſure of being an Antedated Cuckold.

Carl. If you won't believe me, I can't help it; but marry *Dalinda*, and be happy; for I may prevent you, if you make not haſte.

Sancb. Thou haſt cheated me ſo often, that I can't credit one Syllable thou ſay'ſt.

Carl. (*going out.*) Then take your Fortune.

[Carlos *pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe his Face, and drops a Letter.*

Yonder comes *Dalinda*; I know her by her Trip. I'll watch their Greeting. [*Exit.*

Sancb. The Rogue's malicious, and wou'd have me marry her in ſpight; beſides he's off and on at ſo Deviliſh a rate, a Man knows not where to have him: Well, I am reſolv'd in the firſt place not to follow the Rogue's Counſel, I will not marry her becauſe he adviſ'd me to't; and yet I will marry her becauſe he counſel'd me not to marry her: Hey day, I will marry her, and I will not marry her: what's the meaning of this, Friend *Sancho?* That's taking the Rogue's advice one way or t'other.

[*Sees the Letter, and takes it up.*

What, has he dropt a Letter! To whom is it directed? to Don *Carlos D'Ybarra*, that's himſelf.

Mutters, as reading to himſelf.

Dalinda's *Fair, and a Fortune; but marry her not; for to my knowledge* (Pox confound him for his knowledge) *ſhe has had a* —— (What A —— Mr. Friend?) why, a Baſtard, *by the late* Conde: (Ay, I thought as much.) *But his Siſter* Leonora *is in Love with you.*

Damn it, I'll read no more: It agrees with what he firſt told me; and therefore it muſt be all Orthodox: Here ſhe comes.

comes too, juſt in the nick of my Revenge; but I ſhall be very Laconnick with her.

Enter Dalinda.

Dal. Now Servant.
Sanch. Now Cockatrice.
Dal. You're pretty familiar——
Sanch. So have you been——
Dal. With your Miſtreſs.
Sanch. With the *Conde*, of Whoring Memory.
Dal. A fine Salutation!
Sanch. A final parting.
Dal. What's the meaning of this! will you come in?
Sanch. Will you go in?
Dal. Come, look upon me.
[*She makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*
Sanch. I have no Eyes.
Dal. Then I muſt take you by the Hand.
[*She offers, and he pulls back.*
Sanch. I have no Hands neither.
Dal. How's this! I have been but too kind——
Sanch. Yes, to the *Conde.*
Dal. Pugh, that was a Jeſt, you know.
Sanch. 'Tis turn'd to earneſt.
Dal. You know 'twas of my Conception.
Sanch. And of your bringing forth too.
Dal. What did I bring forth?
Sanch. A Baſtard.
Dal. Oh Impudent!
Sanch. Woman.
Dal. What Proof have you of that Scandal?
Sanch. This, with a Pox to ye.
[*Throws her the Letter.*
Patience, oh ye Gods! [*Exit.*

[*She takes up the Note, and as ſhe is reading it,*
Re-enter Carlos.

Carl. Much

Carl. Much good may do you with your Note, Madam; now I think I am Reveng'd at full; your Cully has forſaken you.

Dal. Well, I did not expect this from you, Cozen *Carlos.*

Carl. What did you take me for? King *Log* in *Æſop*'s Fables, for you to inſult me, and play at leap Frog over me? Did not you forſake me for a Fool?

Dal. But was not this a terrible Revenge of yours? muſt you needs ſhew him the Letter which has ruin'd my Reputation, and loſt my Fortune? Am I the firſt frail Creature, that had the Misfortune of two Great Bellies, and yet afterwards, was Decently Married, and paſs'd for a Virgin?

Carl. Nay, don't aggravate the Matter: conſult your Note, and you'll find but one Baſtard charg'd upon you; you ſee I was not for laying loaders.

Dal. A great Curteſie to bate me one, as if that was not enough to do my Buſineſs.

Carl. Well, ſuppoſe I ſhou'd diſcover this Contrivance of mine; and ſet all right again?

Dal. (*aſide.*) Contrivance; oh Heaven! I've undone my ſelf, by confeſſing all too ſoon.

Carl. If I ſhou'd prove you Innocent, you'd prove ungrateful?

Dal. No, you know I always Lov'd you.

Carl. You've ſhewn it moſt abundantly, in chuſing *Sancho*!

Dal. You ſpeak more truly than you think: I have ſhewn it. For, ſince I muſt confeſs the Truth to you, I am no Fortune: my Father, tho' he bears it high to put me off, has Mortgag'd his Eſtate: We keep Servants for ſhew, and when we ſhou'd pay their wages, pick a Quarrel with their Service, and turn 'em off Pennyleſs. There's neither Sheet nor Shirt in the whole Family; the Lodging Rooms are furniſht with Loam: and bare Mattreſſes are the Beds. The Dining Room, plays the Hypocrite for all the Houſe; for all the Furniture is there: when Strangers Dine with us, we Eat before the Servants, and then they Faſt; but when we Dine alone, 'tis all a muſs: They ſcramble for the Victuals, before 'tis ſerv'd up, and then we Faſt.

Carl. The Spirit of Famine comes upon me, at the very deſcription of it.

Dal. Now, ſince neither you nor I have Fortunes, what ſhou'd we do together, unleſs we ſhou'd turn *Canibals*, and Eat up one another? But if you wou'd make up this foul Buſineſs, and help me to that Rich Fool *Sancho*, I ſay no more, But——

Carl. But thou wou'dſt be kind to me; ſpeak out; for I dare not truſt thee; thou'rt ſuch a Woman.

Dal. You ſhou'd.——

Carl. What ſhou'd I?

Dal. Why, you ſhou'd——.

Carl. Well, well, I will believe thee, tho my Heart miſgives me plaguily. And therefore, in the firſt place, I beg your pardon for the Scandal I have laid upon you: In the next, I reſtore your Virginity, and take away your Baſtard.

Dal. And you'l tell *Sancho* 'twas a forg'd Letter.

Carl. No doubt on't; for I wrote it to my ſelf; and out of Revenge invented the whole Story.

Dal. But ſuppoſe, Dear Cozen; that *Sancho* ſhou'd not believe all this to be your Inveation; and ſhou'd ſtill ſuſpect the Letter to be true?

Carl. I can eaſily convince him, by Writing the ſame Hand again, in which that Letter was Indited.

Dal. That's an excellent Expedient; but do it now; for a Woman can never be clear'd too ſoon.

Carl. But when you are clear'd, you'l forget your Promiſe to me.——

Dal. But if I am not clear'd, I cannot Marry him; nor be put in a way to keep my Promiſe. Come, I'le hold my Hand, Write upon it, I always carry Pen and Ink about me.

Carl. Let me Seal my Affection firſt: [*Kiſſes her Hand.* Now, what ſhou'd I write?

Dal. Only theſe words at the bottom of the Note, in the ſame Character.

This Letter was wholly forg'd by me, *Carlos.*

[*He Kneels and Writes.*

Carl. There 'tis—— [*Gives it her, ſhe puts it in her Pocket.*

But

But now tell me truly; what made you confeſs a couple of Baſtards, have you indeed been dabbling?

Dal. Who, I confeſs it! Oh thou Impudent Fellow! I only ſooth'd thee up in thy Villany, to make thee betray thy own Plot. I confeſs'd ſeemingly, to make thee confeſs really. Heav'n and thy own Conſcience, know I did. [*Seems to weep.*

Carl. But when you're Married, you'l remember your Promiſe?

Dal. What Promiſe?

Carl. That I ſhou'd——

Dal. Shou'd what?

Carl. Muſt I tell you?

Dal. No, I'le tell you; I ſaid you ſhou'd; and ſo you ſhall, be cozen'd in your Expectation.

Carl. I foreboded this; and yet was Fool enough to truſt thee; give me back my Letter.

Dal. What, deliver up my Evidence, that's the Teſtimony of my Virtue, and thy Wickedneſs.

Carl. I'le ſearch your Petticoat.

Dal. Dare but touch my Petticoat, and I'le cry out a Rape againſt thee.

Carl. Oh thou *Eve* of *Geneſis*; thou wouldſt have Tempted the Serpent, if thou haſt bin there.

Dal. The next News you hear, is of my Wedding; be Patient, and you ſhall be Invited to the Dinner.

Carl. I ſay no more, but I'le go Home and Indite *Lambicks*; thou ſhalt not want for an *Epithalamium*; I'le do thy buſineſs in Verſe. [*Exit.*

Dal. My Comfort is, I have done your Buſineſs in Proſe, already.

The Wittieſt Men, are all but Womens Fools,
'Tis our Prerogative, to make 'em Fools.
For one Sweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Braves,
And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves.
Ours is the Harveſt which theſe *Indians* mow;
They Plough the Deep; but we Reap what they Sow.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lopez's *House.*

Sancho, Lopez, Dalinda. Carlos *meeting them.*

Carl. GIve you Joy Mr. Bridegroom and Mrs. Bride, you ſee I have accepted your Invitation.

Sanch. And thou art welcome, as a Witneſs of my Triumph.

Carl. I cou'd tell Tales, that wou'd ſpoil your Appetite, both to your Dinner and your Bride: You think you are married to a vaſt Fortune.

Dal. A better, perhaps, than you imagine.

Lop. For if *Sancho* looks into his Writings, he'll find that my Eſtate was mortgag'd to his Father.

Sanch. Then wou'd I had lookt into my Writings before I had lookt ſo far into your Daughter.

Dal. My Father's Fortune will be yours at laſt: and I have but redeem'd it for you.

Sanch. I'm ſure I'm married without Redemption!

Carl. You muſt take the good and the bad together; he that keeps a tame Cat muſt be content to be ſcratcht a little.

Dal. The Count's Siſter, I hope, has Claws for you too.

Carl. That was invented only in hopes of you, *Dalinda*: tho now I thank my Stars that I have miſs'd you: for two Wits without Fortunes, wou'd be like two Milſtones without Corn betwixt 'em; they wou'd only grind upon one another, and make a terrible noiſe, but no Meal wou'd follow.

Enter

Enter a Nurſe leading a Boy and a Girl.

Nurſe. Madam, here are two poor Orphans, that hearing you are married, come to dine with you.

Dal. (*aſide.*) My two Baſtards! I am undone: what ſhall I do with 'em?

Lop. (*aſide.*) The Devil take my damn'd Grand-children for their unſeaſonable Viſit.

Sanch. Welcome, welcome: They're come a mumming to grace my Wedding, I'll warrant you.

Carl. I begin to ſuſpect they come to Sup and Lodge as well as Dine here.

Lop. (*to Nurſe.*) There's two Piſtols for you; take 'em away, and bring 'em again to Morrow Morning.

Nurſe. Thank your Honour: Come away, Children; but firſt I muſt deliver a Note to this Gentleman: Don *Carlos*, I'm ſure you remember me.

[*Gives him a Note.*

Carl. Did not you wait on Donna *Leonora*, the *Conde*'s Siſter?

Nurſe. Have you forgotten *Inez* the faithful Truſtee of your Affection? Read your Letter; there's better News than you deſerve.

[Carlos *reads his Letter to himſelf.*

Dal. (*to Nurſe.*) Steal away, dear Nurſe, while he's reading, and there's more Money for you; fear not, you ſhall be duly paid; for I am married to one who can provide for them.

Nurſe. (*to her.*) Well, I'll keep your Credit: but remember. [*Exit Nurſe with the Children.*

Carl. (*after Reading.*) Poor loving Creature, ſhe is e'en too Conſtant; I cou'd never have expected this from her: Look you here, you ſhall ſee I have no reaſon to envy your Fortune, *Sancho.*

[*Looks about him.*

How now, what's become of the Nurſe and the two Children?

Dal. They

Dal. They wou'd have been but too troubleſome Gueſts, and are gone away.

Carl. By your Favour I ſhall make bold to call 'em back again. [*Exit* Carlos.

Dal. (to *Lopez.*) Oh Barbarous Villain! he'll diſcover all.

Lop. The beſt on't is, you're already married.

Dal. But we have not Conſummated; I cou'd have ſo wheedled Mr. Bridegroom to Night, that e're to Morrow Morning he ſhou'd have forgiven me.

Re-enter Carlos *with Nurſe and Children.*

Carl. Come, Nurſe, no more mincing Matters; your Lady's Orders in my Letter muſt be obey'd: I muſt find a Father and Mother for the Children in this Company.

Sanch. Whoſe pretty Children are theſe, *Carlos*, that you are to provide for?

Carl. E'en your Bride's, *Sancho*, at your ſervice: Children, do your Duty to your Mother.

Children. (*kneeling.*) Mamma, your Bleſſing.

Sanch. Hey day, what's here to do? Are theſe the Iſſue of your Body, Madam Bride?

Carl. Yes; and they are now your Children by the Mother's ſide: The late *Conde* preſents his Service to you, with theſe two Pledges of his Affection to your Wife.

Sanch. Is it even thus, *Dalinda?*

Lop. Chriſtian Patience, Son-in-Law.

Sanch. Chriſtian Patience! I ſay Pagan Fury: This is enough to make me turn Jew again, like my Father of Hebrew Memory.

Carl. You may make your Aſſault, Colonel, without danger; the breach is already made to your hands.

Sanch. Ay, the Devil take him that ſtorm'd it firſt.

Carl. Speak well of the Dead.

Dal. (*kneeling.*) And forgive the Living.

Sanch. Oh *Dalinda!* no more *Dalinda*, but *Dalilah* the *Philiſtine:* Cou'd you find none but me to practice on?

Carl. Sooner

Carl. Sooner upon you than upon any Man; for Nature has put a Superſcription upon a Fool's Face, and all Cheats are directed thither.

Lop. There's no recalling what's paſt and done.

Sanch. You never ſaid a truer word, Father-in-Law; 'tis done, indeed, to my Sorrow.

Carl. If you cou'd undo it, *Sancho*, it were ſomething; but ſince you cannot, your only Remedy is to do it again.

Sanch. That's true: But the Memory of that damn'd *Conde* is enough to turn ones Stomach to her: Do you remember what a Deviliſh hunch Back he had when you and I play'd him?

Carl. For that Reaſon you may be ſure ſhe'll loath the thought of him.

Sanch. Do you think ſo, *Carlos?*

Dal. How can I do otherwiſe, when I have in my Arms ſo handſome, ſo ſweet, and ſo charming a Cavalier as you?

Sanch. Well, I am I know not howiſh; ſhe has a delicious Tongue of her own, and I begin to mollifie.

Carl. Do, *Sancho:* Faith, you've held it out too long, in Conſcience, for ſo ſlight a quarrel; this is nothing among great Ladies, Man; how many Fathers have I known that have given their Bleſſings to other Mens Children: Come, bleſs 'em, bleſs 'em, honeſt Daddy: Kneel down, Children.

Children. (*kneeling.*) Your Bleſſing, Pappa.

[*Children cry.*

Sanch. It goes againſt the grain to give it them.

Carl. For ſhame, *Sancho*, take 'em up: you'll break their pretty Hearts elſe: 'twou'd grieve a Man's Soul to ſee 'em weep thus.

Sanch. Ay, they learnt that trick of their Mother; but I cannot be obdurate, the fault was none of theirs, I'm ſure. [*Crying.*

Heav'n e'en bleſs you, and I'll provide for you: Nay, and it

it ſhall go hard, but I'le get you ſome more Play-Fellows: if your Mother be as Fruitful as ſhe us'd to be.

Lop. Why this is at it ſhou'd be.

Dal. Heav'n Reward you; and I'le ſtudy Obedience to you.

Sanch. They ſay, Children are great Bleſſings; if they are, I have two great Bleſſings ready gotten to my hands.

Carl. For your Comfort, Marriage they ſay, is Holy.

Sanch. Ay, and ſo is Martyrdom, as they ſay; but both of 'em are good for juſt nothing, but to make an end of a Man's Life.

Lop. Chear up, Son-in-Law, your Children are very towardly, you ſee they can ask Bleſſing already.

Dal. If he does not like 'em, he may Get the next himſelf.

Carl. I will not trouble the Company, with Reading my Letter from the Dead Count's Siſter; 'Tis enough to tell you, that I Lov'd her once, and forſook her, becauſe ſhe was then no Fortune: but ſhe has been kinder to me, than I deſerve: and has offer'd me her Brother's Eſtate in Dowry with her.

Dal. Which I hope you will accept.

Carl. Yes, and releaſe you of a certain Promiſe to me, without explaining. She only recommended to me her Brother's Children by *Dalinda*. And I think I have taken a decent care in providing them a Rich Father.

Sanch. I always Lov'd a Harlot, and now I have one of my own, I'le e'en take up with her; for my Youth is going; and my days of Whoring, I mean emphatical Whoring, are almoſt over: but for once, we'll have a Frolick; come Offſpring, can either of you two Dance?

1 *Child.* Yes, forſooth Father, and my Siſter can Sing too like a little Angel.

Sanch. Then foot it featly; that you may ſay hereafter, you remember when your Mother was firſt Married, and Danc'd at her Wedding.

Carl. Hold a little; you may remember too, Madam Bride, that I promis'd you an Epithalamium: 'Twas meant

a

a Satire; but Fortune has turn'd it to a Jeſt; I have giv'n it to the Muſicians, and brought 'em along with me; ſtrike up, Gentlemen.

[*The Dance is firſt, then the Song, the laſt words of which are Sung while the Company is going out, and the Muſick Plays before them.*

Song: By Mr. *Congreve.*

1.

HOW Happy's the Husband, whoſe Wife has been try'd
Not Damn'd to the Bed of an Ignorant Bride?
Secure of what's left, he ne're miſſes the reſt,
But where there's enough, ſuppoſes a Feaſt;
So foreknowing the Cheat,
He eſcapes the Deceit,
And in ſpite of the Curſe, reſolves to be Bleſt.

2.

If Children are Bleſſings, his Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known to be Fruitful before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand him inſtead, for an Heir to his Land,
Shou'd his own prove a Sot,
When he's Lawfully Got,
As when e're 'tis ſo, if he don't, I'le be hang'd.

Song for a GIRL.

1.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to Love; and when to feign:

2.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am Young and True;
E're I can my Soul diſguiſe;
Heave my Breaſts, and roul my Eyes.

3.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to Lye, and to Betray:
He that has me firſt, is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

4.

Cou'd I find a blooming Youth;
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a janty meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Royal Chamber is diſcover'd, by drawing the former Scene; Veramond, Garcia, Ximena, Victoria, Celidea, *with a full Train of Courtiers and Guards*; *amongſt the Croud*, Ramirez *Diſguis'd, with ſome of his Party.*

Vera. (to *Vict.*) No more delays, but go.
Ximen. This is Inhumane,
To preſs her to a Marriage made by Force.
At leaſt allow your ſelf and her this day,
That each of you may think, and one may change.
Vera. You mean the Times or Accidents may change,
And leave her for *Alphonſo.*
Ximen. Your Enemies are but without your Gates,
And ſoon they may return: forbear for fear.
Vera. The ſooner then
I muſt prevent th'effect of their return.
What now remains, but to compleat my Vows,
And Sacrifice to Vengeance?
Ximen. Your own Daughter!
Vera. Even her, my ſelf, and all the World together.
Vict. Can you refuſe me one poor day to Live?
Vera. Obey me, and be Bleſt; if not, Accurſt.
A Father's Curſe has wings, remember that;
Thro this World and the next, it will purſue thee;
And ſink thee down, for ever.
Vict. 'Tis enough,
I know how far a Daughter owes Obedience;
But Duty has a bound like other Empires:
It reaches but to Life, for all beyond it
Is the Dominion of another World,
Where you have no Command.
For you, *Don Garcia*,
You know the Pow'r a Miſtreſs ought to have;
But ſince you will be Maſter, take your Hour,
The next is mine.

Gar. I grant the Debt of Service which I owe you:
But 'tis a Summ too vaſt to pay at ſight.
If now you call it in, I muſt be Bankrupt
To all my future Bliſs.
Vict. I find by you,
The Laws of Love, are like the Laws of Heav'n;
All know, but few will keep 'em——To the Temple,
Where I my ſelf am Victim.

Enter Alphonſo, *Unarm'd; all ſeem Amaz'd.*

Alph. Stay, *Veramond.*
Vera. (*aſide.*) *Alphonſo* here! then all my Hopes are blaſted.
The Town is his, and I once more a Slave.
Alph. Diſmiſs thy fears and tremble not, Old Man,
I neither come with purpoſe, nor with Power
T' avenge my wrongs, but ſingle and unarm'd:
This Head is neceſſary to thy Peace,
And to *Victoria*'s violated Vows:
Who, while I Live, can never be *Don Garcia*'s.
Take then this odious Life; ſecurely take it,
And glut thy Vengeance with *Alphonſo*'s Blood.
Behold the Man who forc'd thee in thy Strength,
In thy Imperial Town made thee a Captive.
Now give thy Fury ſcope: Revenge th' Affront,
And ſhew more pity not to ſpare my Life,
Than I in ſparing thine.
Ximen. (to *Celidea.*) Oh boundleſs Courage, or extream Deſpair!
Celid. (to *her.*) I tremble for th' event; ſee the King reddens.
The Fear which ſeiz'd him at *Alphonſo*'s ſight,
And left his Face forſaken of his Blood,
Is vaniſht now;
And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks:
And Rage and Vengeance ſparkle in his Eyes.
Vera. (*aſide.*) All things are huſht; no noiſe is in the Streets;
Nor ſhouts of Souldiers, nor the cries of Matrons,
To ſpeak a Town in plunder——Then I take

(To

(To *Alph.*) A Traytor's Counſel once, and thou ſhalt Die;
Condemn'd by thy own Sentence, go to Death;
Nor ſhall thy ſeeming Generoſity,
And feign'd aſſurance, ſave thee; 'tis deſpair,
To ſee thy fruſtrate Hopes, that brought thee hither;
To meet my juſt Revenge.

Alph. Yes, I will Dye, becauſe I chuſe to Dye.
Which had I not deſir'd, I had not come
Unarm'd, Unguarded, and alone, to tempt
Thy known Ingratitude, and barb'rous hate.
Boaſt not th' advantage, which thou hold'ſt of me,
But know thy ſelf for what thou art; no more
Than the mean Miniſter of my deſpair.

Vera. Whether to Heav'n's Juſtice, or thy Choice,
I owe this happy Hour of ſweet Revenge,
I'le not be wanting to the wiſht occaſion.

Vict. You ſhall not Dye alone, my dear *Alphonſo*,
Tho much I blame this deſp'rate Enterprize:
You ſhou'd have ſtay'd, to ſee
Th' Event of what I promis'd to perform:
For had I been ſo baſe to be another's,
That baſeneſs might have cur'd your ill-plac'd Love.
But this untimely raſhneſs, makes you Guilty,
Both of your Fate, and mine.

Alph. While I believ'd
My Life was precious to my dear *Victoria*,
I valu'd and preſerv'd it for her ſake.
But when you broke from your Deliv'rer's Arms,
To put your ſelf into a Tyrant's Power;
I threw a worthleſs, wretched Being from me;
Abandon'd firſt by you.

Vict. Oh Cruel Man!
Where, at what moment did that Change begin,
With which you tax my Violated Vows?
I left your Lawleſs Pow'r, to put my ſelf
Into a Father's Chains, my Lawful Tyrant.
If this be my upbraided Crime, even this,
On that occaſion, wou'd I do once more.

But,

But, cou'd I, with my Honour ſafe, have ſtay'd
In your dear Arms, bear witneſs Heav'n and Earth,
Nor Threats, nor Force, nor Promiſes, nor Fears
Shou'd take me from your Love.

Alph. Oh, I believe you.
Vaniſh my fears, and cauſeleſs Jealouſies;
Live my *Victoria*: for your ſelf, not me;
But let th' unfortunate *Alphonſo* Dye;
My Death will glut your Cruel Father's Rage;
When I am gone, and his Revenge compleat,
Pity perhaps may ſeize a Parent's Mind;
To free you from a hated Lover's Arms.

Celid. (to *Ximen.*) Speak Mother, ſpeak: my Father gives you time,
He ſtands amaz'd, irreſolute, and dumb:
Like the ſtill Face of Heav'n before a Storm;
Speak, and Arreſt the Thunder e're it rowls.

Ximen. I ſtand ſuſpected: but you, *Celidea*,
The Favourite of his Heart, his Darling Child,
May ſpeak, and ought, your Int'reſt is concern'd:
For if *Alphonſo* Dye, your hopes are loſt.
I ſee your Father's Soul, like glowing Steel
Is on the Anvil; ſtrike, while yet he's hot:
Turn him, and ply him, ſet him ſtraight betimes,
Leſt he for ever warp.

Celid. I fear, and yet wou'd ſpeak; but will he hear me?

Ximen. For what is all this ſilence, but to hear?
Bring him but to calm Reaſoning, and he's gain'd.

Celid. Then Heav'n inſpire my Tongue——
Sir, Royal Sir——
He hears me not; he lifts not up his Eyes:
But fixt upon the Pavements looks the way
That points to Death. [*She pulls him.*
Oh hear me, hear me, Father.
Have you forgot that dear indulgent Name,
Never before in vain pronounc'd by me?

Vera. Ha! who diſturbs my Thoughts?

Celid. (*kneeling.*) 'Tis *Celidea*.
Alas I wou'd relieve you, if I durſt;

If ever I offended, even in Thought,
Or made not your Commands
The bounds of all my Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Bid me be dumb, or elſe permit me Speech.
Vera. Oh riſe, my only unoffending Child,
Who reconciles me to the Name of Father!
Speak then; but not for her, and leſs for him.
Celid. Perhaps I wou'd accuſe 'em, not defend;
For both are Guilty, dipt in equal Crimes:
And are obnoxious to your Juſtice both.
Vera. True, *Celidea*; thou confirm'ſt my Sentence;
'Tis juſt *Alphonſo* Dye.
Ximen. (*aſide.*) } Forgive her, Heav'n! ſhe aggravates their Faults;
And puſhes their deſtruction.
Celid. Speak *Alphonſo*:
Can you deny, when Royal *Veramond*,
Then thought your Father, and by you ſo deem'd,
When he requir'd your Captive, old *Ramirez*,
And order'd his Confinement; did you well
Then to controul the Pleaſure of that King,
Under whoſe juſt Commands you Fought and Conquer'd?
Alph. I did not well: but heat of boyling Youth,
And ill-weigh'd Honour, made me diſobey.
Vera. That Cauſe is gain'd; for he confeſſes Guilt.
Proceed, moſt equitable Judge, proceed.
Celid. (to *Alph.*) } Next I reproach you, with a worſe Rebellion.
The King's firſt Promiſe to *Don Garcia* made,
You dar'd t' oppoſe: forbad his fair Addreſſes;
Then made a Ruffian Quarrel with that Prince.
And laſt, were guilty of Inceſtuous Love.
I will not load my Siſter with Conſent;
But, in ſtrict Virtue, liſtning to a Crime,
And not rejecting, is it ſelf a Crime.
Vict. Is this a Siſter's Office? Peace for ſhame:
We Lov'd without tranſgreſſing Virtues bounds;
We fixt the limits of our tend'reſt Thoughts;
Came to the verge of honour, and there ſtopt:
We warm'd us by the Fire; but were not ſcorcht:

If

If this be Sin, Angels might Love with leſs;
And mingle Rays of Minds, leſs pure than ours.
Our Souls enjoy'd; but to their Holy Feaſts,
Bodies on both ſides, were forbidden Gueſts.

Celid. Now help me, Father; or our Cauſe is loſt:
For much I fear their Love was innocent.

Vera. With my own Troops *Alphonſo* ſeiz'd my Perſon;
In my own Town, to my perpetual Shame:
Paſs on to that; and ſtrike the Traytor Dead.

Celid. Yes, Proud *Alphonſo*, you were baniſht hence;
Your Father was confin'd; and doom'd to Death;
The Beauty you Ador'd was made another's.
How durſt you, then, attempt t' avenge your wrongs,
And force your Miſtreſs from your Rival's Arms?
Rather than Dye contented, as you ought.

Alph. Even for thoſe very Reaſons you alledge.

Ximen. (*aſide.*) At laſt I find her drift.

Vera. Thou Juſtifieſt, and not Accuſeſt him.

Celid. Patience, good Father, and hear out the reſt.
[To *Alph.*
Thought you, becauſe you bravely Fought, and Conquer'd
For Royal *Veramond*, nay, ſav'd his Life,
And ſet him free, when you had Conquer'd him,
Only becauſe he was *Victoria*'s Father,
Thought you for ſuch ſlight Services as theſe,
That he ſhou'd ſpare you now? O Generous Madman,
To give your Head to one, who ne're forgave.

Vera. (*aſide.*) Oh, ſhe ſtings me.

Celid. And you, *Don Garcia*, witneſs to this Truth:
You were his hated Rival, fairly vanquiſht;
And yet he ſpar'd your Life.

Garc. At your requeſt:
I owe it to you both.
That he diſmiſt my Siſter, 'twas her Fault:
I charge it not on him; but 'twas his Folly.
A Capital Fool he was, in that laſt Error;
For which he juſtly ſtands Condemn'd to Death.
Your Sentence, Royal Sir?

Vera.

Vera. That he ſhou'd Live;
Shou'd Live Triumphant over *Veramond*,
And ſhou'd Live Happy in *Victoria*'s Love——
Oh, I have held as long as Nature cou'd;
Convinc'd in Reaſon, obſtinate in Will;
I ſaw the Pleader's aim, found her deſign,
I long'd to be o'recome, and yet reſiſted.
What have I done againſt thee, my *Alphonſo*?
And what haſt thou not done for *Veramond*?

Ximen. Oh fortunate Event!

Vict. Oh happy Day!

Alph. Oh unexpected Bliſs, and therefore double!

Vera. (to *Alph.*) Can you forgive me, yes, I know you can:
Alphonſo can forgive *Victoria*'s Father.
But yet, in pity, Pardon not too ſoon:
Puniſh my Pride a while;
And make me linger for ſo great a Good.
Leſt extaſie of Joy prevent the Bleſſing;
And you, inſtead of Pardon, give me Death.

[*He offers to kneel to* Alphonſo: Alphonſo *takes him up, and kneels himſelf.*

Alph. Oh let me raiſe my Father from the ground!

Vera. (*riſing.*) 'Tis your peculiar Virtue, my *Alphonſo*,
Always to raiſe me up.

Alph. Here let me grow, till I obtain your Grace:
My Life has been, one Univerſal Crime;
And you, like Heav'n, accepting ſhort Repentance,
Forgive my length of Sins.

Vera. (*raiſing him.*) Let us forget from whence offence began.
But ſince to ſave my ſhame, thou wilt be Guilty,
Impute thy hate for me, to ſure inſtinct;
That ſhow'd thee thy True Father in my Foe;
Now Grafted on my Stock, be Son to both.
(*turning to Garc.*) To you, *Don Garcia*, next.

Garc. Before you ſpeak;
Permit me, Sir, t' aſſume ſome little Merit
In this days Happineſs; your Promiſe made
Victoria mine——

Alph. What then?
Garc. Nay, hear me out.
He kept his Royal Word; he gave her me;
I loſt her, when I fell beneath your Sword.
Or if I have a Title, I reſign it,
And make her yours.
Alph. I take her as your Gift.
Garc. (to *Vera.*) Make me but Bleſt in *Celidea*'s Love;
She ſav'd my Life, and hers it is for ever.
'Tis pity ſhe who gain'd another's Cauſe,
Shou'd loſe her own.
Vera. (preſenting *Celidea.*) She's yours.
Celid. My Joys are full.
Vict. And mine o're-flow.
Alph. And mine are all a Soul can bear, and Live.
Vera. Then ſeek we out *Ramirez*;
To make him Partner of this happy day;
That gives him back his Crown, and his *Alphonſo.*
Ram. Behold me here, unſought: with ſome few Friends;
[*Taking off his Vizard.*
(Reſolv'd to Save my Son, or Periſh with him)
Thus far I trac'd, and follow'd him, unknown,
And here have waited, with a beating Heart,
To ſee this bleſt Event.
Vera. Juſt like the winding up of ſome Deſign,
Well form'd, upon the crowded Theatre.
Where all concern'd ſurprizingly are pleas'd;
And what they wiſh, ſee done. Lead to the Temple;
Let Thanks be paid; and Heav'n be prais'd no leſs
For private Union, than for publick Peace.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

NOW, in Good Manners, nothing ſhou'd be ſed
Againſt this Play, becauſe the Poet's dead.
The Prologue told us of a Moral here:
Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows where.
If in my Part it lyes, I fear he means
To warn us of the Sparks behind our Scenes:
For if you'l take it on Dalinda's *Word,*
'Tis a hard Chapter to refuſe a Lord.
The Poet might pretend this Moral too,
That when a Wit and Fool together woo;
The Damſel (not to break an Ancient Rule,)
Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy Fool.
This he might mean, but there's a Truth behind,
And ſince it touches none of all our Kind,
But Masks and Miſſes; faith, I'le ſpeak my Mind.
What, if he Taught our Sex more cautious Carriage,
And not to be too Coming before Marriage:
For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,
A Kid brought home upon the Wedding day:
I fear there are few Sancho's *in the Pit,*
So good as to forgive, and to forget;
That will, like him, reſtore us into Favour,
And take us after on our good Behaviour.
Few, when they find the Mony Bag is rent,
Will take it for good Payment on content.

But

But in the Telling, there the difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd wish.
Therefore be warn'd, you Misses and you Masks,
Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no truth of Passion prove,
True Settlement alone, declares true Love.
For him that Weds a Puss, who kept her first,
I say but little, but I doubt the worst:
The Wife that was a Cat may mind her house,
And prove an Honest, and a Careful Spouse;
But faith I wou'd not trust her with a Mouse.

FINIS.